The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1914.

Summary of the News

The split in the ranks of the Democrats in Congress on account of the repeal of the exemption clause in the Panama Canal Tolls bill, became more pronounced on Thursday of last week, when Speaker Clark issued a statement definitely aligning himself with those opposed to the repeal. On the following day, however, the supporters of the Administration won a victory on two test votes arising out of the application of the rule to limit debate. The vote ordering the previous question was 207 to 176, and the rule to limit debate was passed by 200 to 172. President Wilson has characterized as "insulting" the *canard* that there has been anything in the nature of a bargain between this country and Great Britain, calling for British support of the Administration's policy in Mexico in return for the repeal of the exemption clause. Sir Edward Grey also issued a specific denial of the report in the House of Commons on Monday. The vote on the Sims Repeal bill was taken in the House on Tuesday evening, the result being 248 to 162 in favor of the repeal.

The most conflicting reports have come from Mexico during the past week regarding the fighting around Torreon. Gomez Palacio, which was taken by Villa on March 24, was apparently recaptured by the Federals on the following day, and again retaken by Villa on March 26. This view would seem to coincide with the account of the fighting given out from El Paso on Monday by a war correspondent, who had left the front on Saturday. According to this account, the rebels were twice defeated at Gomez Palacio, but the Federal troops failed to follow up their advantage and Villa was able to recover his position and advance to Torreon proper. Reports from rebel sources, which, on that account, must be accepted with reserve, indicated on Tuesday that the Federal forces were reduced in numbers to some 3,000 men, but were still strongly intrenched and offering a stubborn resistance. There has been desperate street fighting in Torreon, and the losses on both sides, estimates of which vary according to their source, must have been heavy. From Mexico City the statement was given out on Tuesday that the capture of Torreon by Villa was not anticipated.

The suit brought by the Government under the Anti-Trust law against the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company was settled out of court on Thursday of last week. The Bell companies are ordered to dispose of their holdings in the Northwestern and Interstate companies and are prohibited from acquiring hereafter any interest in those companies. This is the third important anti-Trust suit brought by the present Administration to be settled by agreement, the other two having been that against the American Telephone & Telegraph Company in its relations with the Western Union, and that in connection with the New Haven dissolution.

The announcement was made from Washington on Saturday that Ambassador Gerard had been instructed to make representations to the German Government on behalf of the Standard Oil interests, if in his judgment the terms of the Oil Monopoly bill now pending in Parliament seemed to render the Standard Oil Company liable to injustice in respect to the taking over of its properties in Germany, which is contemplated in the bill. President Wilson has since explained that the instructions to Mr. Gerard called for an investigation and a report only and for nothing in the nature of a protest to the German Government.

Extensive retrenchments have been made by some of the important railways of the East. The Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the New Haven, the Central of New Jersey, and the Lehigh Valley have all made reductions in their passenger and freight service, and large numbers of employees have been laid off altogether or are working on half time. The action of the railways is attributed to adverse State legislation and to uncertainty concerning the Federal Government's policy with regard to increased rates. Particular complaint is made by railway officials of the full train crew laws of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. While the Eastern railways have suffered most severely, the lines of the West are also affected. Figures published by the New York *Sun* on Saturday show that the gross earnings of twenty-seven systems for February of this year were $6,465,140 less than for February, 1913.

Announcement was made on March 26 that a settlement had been reached in the long dispute between the Eastman Kodak Company and the Ansco Company regarding the "Goodwin patent" on pliable films. The claims for infringement of the patent made by the Ansco Company involved millions of dollars. The details of the settlement have not been given out, but it is stated that it was for a "substantial amount."

Some of the appointments sent by Gov. Glynn of New York to the State Senate on Saturday bear the unmistakable stamp of Tammany influence and have served to accentuate the cleavage in the Democratic party in New York State.

The arbitration treaty with Denmark proposed by Secretary of State Bryan has failed to obtain the ratification of the Danish Senate. The treaty provided that all matters of dispute between the two Governments should be referred to an impartial commission for investigation and report, and stipulated further that in case the dispute was not settled within one year after the commission had made its report the matter should automatically be referred to arbitration.

Other events in the political crisis in England have been overshadowed by Mr. Asquith's dramatic announcement in the House of Commons on Monday that he himself would assume the portfolio of Secretary of State for War. At the same time the Prime Minister announced that Col. Seely had felt compelled to resign from the War Office, and that the members of the Army Council, Field-Marshal Sir John French, and Adjt.-Gen. Sir John Ewart, who had joined with him in signing the "guarantee" to Brig.-Gen. Gough, insisted that their resignations be accepted. Mr. Asquith's acceptance of "an office of profit under the Crown" involves his resignation of his seat in Parliament and his returning to his constituency of East Fife for reëlection. The Premier will thus be absent from the House of Commons for at any rate two weeks. On Tuesday, Sir Edward Grey, in charge of the debate on the Home Rule bill, declared that the Government was not prepared to make further concessions beyond the six years' exclusion of the Ulster counties. In case of sporadic outbreaks in the province, he added, force must be employed.

A strike which threatens to become serious was declared on Monday by the coal miners in Yorkshire, England. The strike involves 170,000 men, and the demands made are for the introduction of a minimum scale of wages. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain has given its support to the strike.

The Swedish elections for the Riksdag began on March 27 and will be concluded on April 7. Unusual interest attaches to these elections, as they are expected to turn on the position of the King as a constitutional sovereign. King Gustav's assertion of his right to address the Swedish people directly on the question of military expansion led to the resignation of the Liberal Cabinet and to an appeal being made to the country.

The political situation in Japan has remained uncertain since the resignation of the Cabinet on March 24. Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, President of the House of Peers, having declined the request of the Emperor that he undertake the formation of a Cabinet, the Elder Statesmen on Monday submitted the name of Viscount Keigo Kiyoura for the Premiership. On the same day Vice-Admiral Matsumoto, who was involved in the naval graft scandals, was committed to prison after a prolonged examination. On Tuesday it was announced that Viscount Kiyoura had accepted the Premiership.

The deaths of the week include: Frédéric Mistral, Harry Maule Crookshank, March 25; Benjamin F. Keith, March 26; Tito Mattei, George W. Hill, Dr. Egbert Le Fevre, March 30; Timothy D. Sullivan, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, March 31.

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The Week

For the number of men engaged and the obstinate character of the fighting, the battle at Torreon stands out pre-eminent in the history of Mexican civil warfare. Large bodies of men have been in collision on Mexican soil, but only when Mexicans have fought against a foreign enemy. Gen. Taylor had about 4,700 men at Buena Vista, but Santa Anna's defeated army numbered some 20,000, giving a larger total of combatants than has been engaged at Torreon. Gen. Winfield Scott landed at Vera Cruz with about 12,000 men. In 1863 the French invested Puebla with 20,000 men, and the garrison that surrendered was 15,000 strong. Four years later Puebla was retaken by Porfirio Diaz in a battle engaging ab ut 25,000 men. In all, the fortunes of the Mexican people at various times have been decided by limited bodies of troops for a nation of fifteen millions. In view of this fact, it is somewhat out of place to sneer at Villa as a common bandit. He may be that by certain traits of character; he is more than that by his talents as a soldier. To have brought together one of the largest native armies that have ever fought in Mexico and to have led it with such military skill is a notable achievement.

"Shares in the textile mills in New England," said Senator Smoot in his big speech on the tariff last summer, "have declined greatly as a result of this proposed law. . . . It is estimated that only 50 per cent. of the mill capacity in the woollen and worsted mills is now employed, and that will be reduced 25 per cent. by the time this bill takes effect." Well, the bill *has* taken effect; indeed, it has been in operation half a year; and this is what we hear now:

> Boston, March 25.—The quick recovery in the American Woollen Company's preferred stock to $79 a share is, of course, a direct reflection of the maintenance of the regular 7 per cent. dividend rate, some doubts as to the status of which, on account of last year's unsatisfactory showing, had been expressed. It is said that the company is doing twice as much business to-day as at this time last year.

Just preceding the quotation we have made from Senator Smoot's speech are some profoundly gloomy remarks on the intimate connection between free-trade and pauperism. "With less than half our population," he informed us, Great Britain has "twenty paupers to our one," and we are "moving in the same direction by this legislation." As the statement of the imminent ruin of the New England textile industry was put forward as the first—and so presumably the most terrifying—of the facts bearing out this melancholy forecast, we trust that Mr. Smoot and the rest of the high-tariff prophets will now pluck up heart and indulge the fond hope that a fair proportion of the American people will remain outside the poorhouse even under the present tariff. By the way, what has become of the great exodus of manufacturers to Canada, the prediction of which was Gov. Foss's special contribution to the enlightenment of the public?

Senator Weeks's proposal that the five fast scout cruisers of the navy should be used by the Government to carry mail, freight, and passengers via New Orleans and the Panama Canal to the west coast of South America, until such time as a private line can be established, is a novel but not a practical suggestion. A few years ago it would have been resented as extremely paternalistic; but now that the Government owns a railway in Panama, and is about to expend many millions for another in Alaska, there is not likely to be opposition on this ground. But, as Senator Weeks must know, these ships are little fitted for such traffic; the largest ones, the triple-screw cruisers Minneapolis and Columbia, are twenty years old, and have always been extremely expensive to run, and, like the other three, they would necessitate heavy outlays if they should be equipped to carry numbers of cabin passengers. They have often been used to carry troops and marines, but there is a vast difference between transport and passenger service. The Salem, Chester, and Birmingham are more modern, having been authorized in 1904, and are about the size of many of the vessels in West Indian service. But they, too, were never built for cargo-carrying. If the idea is to find more useful employment for these boats, Mr. Weeks is justified; yet the amount of money they would lose in such traffic would, we fancy, be staggering. Still we, too, sincerely trust that a fast line from New York to Valparaiso may speedily be found to be commercially profitable.

The long-awaited decision of the Oregon Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the minimum-wage and ten-hour law has been rendered with a positiveness that will reassure the seven other States that passed such acts in 1913. This first complete test followed the prescription by the Industrial Welfare Commission of a nine-hour day for women at a minimum weekly wage of $8.64, and was instituted by a Portland paper manufacturer. Its ground was, of course, that the law exceeded the police powers of the State; and, more specifically, that it interfered with freedom of contract, while, by giving the Welfare Commission arbitrary decision upon matters of fact, it "took the property of the employer without due process of law." Justice Eakin's decision affirms that all "provisions enacted by the State under its police power that have for their purpose the protection or betterment of the public health, morals, peace, and welfare, and reasonably tend to that end, are within the power of the State"; and rules likewise that none of the law's provisions are subject to State constitutional inhibition. The radical and highly comprehensive nature of the Oregon law makes the decision important to those other States, from California to Wisconsin, whose enactments went into force at about the same time. Massachusetts's minimum-wage law was the only one passed earlier than 1913; her 56-hour provision for women has just been upheld by the United States Supreme Court.

It has been said that the decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, last week, holding that the Methodist Church has no visitorial rights over Vanderbilt University, dealt a powerful blow to a "bigoted ecclesiasticism" in education. This may be, but only as a remote inference from the Court's decision. The case was decided on strictly legal grounds. It turned largely on the terms of the foundation of Vanderbilt University and on the powers of the Board of Trust. The issue was raised in consequence of successively greater claims, on the part of the authorities of the Methodist Church, to control the

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affairs and shape the destinies of the university. Appeal was taken by the trustees to the Supreme Court, and the long opinion of Judge Turner, reviewing the entire history of the institution, decided merely, as we read it, that this particular ecclesiastical encroachment, in the case of this particular university, was in violation of law. In this there is nothing to prevent bigoted ecclesiastics from controlling universities, if their right to administer the property is legally clear. At the same time, the friends of Vanderbilt University are justified in congratulating the faculty and trustees upon this satisfactory outcome of the litigation.

In the consideration of such renewed complaints of the wholesale delivery of the Philippine Government to the natives as Dean C. Worcester's letter to the New York *Times* and Dr. Luther Anderson's dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, it is to be remembered that the public hears only one side. That of the Administration and of the Filipinos is not yet stated. And as the real question at stake is the efficiency of the service, it is significant that the whole attack is being shifted from the changes in the major departments to those in the great body of subordinate offices. It was Mr. Worcester's heated claim two months ago that the promotion of Filipinos in the Health and other departments was sending everything to the dogs. Is it possible these men are playing their rôles too well for further criticism? It is obvious that nothing can be said about the competency or incompetency of men in the hundreds of minor posts, whether retained or new; and it is therefore easy to allege that their resignation "in flocks" proves the ruination of everything. As a matter of fact, Mr. Worcester's own figures show the steady growth of Filipino officeholders: 1903, 49 per cent.; 1905, 55 per cent.; 1907, 60 per cent.; 1910, 64 per cent.; 1913, 71 per cent. This growth should be continued, if not accelerated. It has further been made plain that many recent dismissals resulted from a new and praiseworthy policy of economy. The critics will have to show definite inefficiency; and to do this more is required than evidence that the Filipino bands are playing, not the "Star Spangled Banner," but "Aguinaldo's March!"

While Congress has been discussing levee projects, the lower Mississippi Valley States are becoming more outspoken about the duties of their Northern neighbors. Their suggestions as to flood prevention look to the distant future, but receive plausibility from the closeness with which they parallel the work actually under way on the Ohio. Thus the New Orleans *Item* calls attention to an averted flood disaster high up on the Missouri, where a January deluge, reaching proportions that once would have meant wholesale loss, was checked and diffused by reservoirs. "There are locations for thousands of similar reservoirs in the Alleghanies, the Rockies, the hills of Minnesota, the Ozarks, the Appalachian foothills of Tennessee and Kentucky—some to be built at great expense, some at very small expense. many, like that of Truckee-Carson, to pay for themselves." It is precisely such reservoirs that are now being constructed along the Miami and other Ohio tributaries. Supposing the matter left to State action, it will be many years before the growth of population and public improvements over the whole watershed is likely to achieve a marked diminution in the risk of sudden floods southward. But what will some day have to be understood is that combined local action may not merely solve local flood problems, but provide the surest way out of the Mississippi flood problem as a whole.

Non-partisanship, if we apprehend the matter rightly, is little better than membership in any other party than the Progressive. This axiom of the new politics makes the change in policy of the Boston *Journal* a catastrophe, if not a crime. For more than twelve months the *Journal* has refought the battle of Armageddon, and pointed the way to a triumph that should be more satisfying than the "moral" victory of 1912. But the Chairman of the Massachusetts Progressives has now decided that he cannot work for the paper and for the party, too, as the double job takes more than twenty-four hours a day. And so he gives up the paper, allowing it, despite his financial interest in it, to become non-partisan. This seems an unnecessarily lame and impotent conclusion. If non-partisanship should lead the paper to oppose the Progressive ticket, would not Mr. Hale's investment become hopelessly tainted? We know that the course of the Progressive party is paralleling that of the Republican party in the early and noble days of its history, because we have so often been assured that it is; this makes the *Journal's* change of policy very puzzling, for in those early and noble days Republican newspapers were everywhere springing up, not retreating from the heights of Republicanism to the bog of non-partisanship.

The defeat in the Milwaukee primaries, last week, of David S. Rose, five times Mayor, leaves the decks cleared for a straight-out action between Socialists and the present régime. The former made no secret of their hope that Rose, not Bading, would win the primary. "If Seidel is to win," as the *Sentinel* summarized their position, "it must be against Rose. No non-Socialist could have the scintilla of a reason to vote against Bading; and if the Socialists win at all, it must be, as it was before, by non-Socialist votes." But if Bading's renomination strengthens the prospect of Socialist defeat, there were other reasons also why the reform element so strongly supported him. His administration has combined efficiency with economy, and put a stop to the heavy bond issues that made the public improvements of his predecessors so falsely glorious. His stand for public order was in contradistinction to Rose's promise of "the good old times," which implied, as another newspaper remarked, "a continuous carnival, bands on Grand Avenue playing 'A Hot Time,' and similar shop-worn attractions."

Representative Burke's defeat of Senator Crawford for the Republican nomination for Senator from South Dakota is a cruel thrust at the Progressive dogma that the G. O. P. is dead and buried. South Dakota was not only for Roosevelt in 1912, but so strongly for him that it gave Taft and La Follette combined far fewer votes than it cast for the Colonel, and in November there were no Taft electors at all. The Roosevelt electors pledged themselves to vote for Taft if it came to a struggle between Taft and Wilson. Now Representative Burke, a Taft supporter, carries the State, although laboring under the disadvantage of being designated on the ticket as the "minority" candidate. We

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wonder how he dared run, or even face his constituents, after being on the wrong side at Armageddon. Is it possible that South Dakota voters choose their officers upon some other basis than that of allegiance to the Progressive standard? The result makes one feel that there may be something symptomatic in the California registration figures of 145,000 Republicans and only 92,000 Progressives.

If the Colonel, when he gets back, fears that the people are not ruling directly as they should, let him look at Seattle. Its Charter Commission has included a division of the city into thirty-six councilmanic wards, "each ward to have the right of recall for its particular Councilman." The possibilities thus opened should satisfy a very glutton for direct democracy and political excitement. Does one block get a sidewalk and another none? Recall the Councilman! Do you dislike the policeman who patrols your corner? Is the city growing in the wrong direction, and your property values falling? The remedy is plain. As little transient gusts of irritation blow about over the city which has just seen a recalled Mayor inducted again into office, Seattle should be treated to a fairly continuous splutter of petitions and elections. In the face of this delightful prospect, it is disheartening to find the *Post-Intelligencer* raking up city history to prove that "it is clear by this time that a hair-trigger recall law is not advisable."

It is an ancient tradition, to which Commissioner Sells has just subscribed, that "the greatest menace to the American Indian is whiskey." Yet liquor continues to reach the reservations. The Commissioner has issued a letter to the 6,000 employees in the Indian Service emphasizing the importance of each man bearing himself as a personal object-lesson:

> As a matter of good faith to our treaty relationships, to legislative enactments, to the Congress which appropriates $100,000 a year for the suppression of the liquor traffic among the Indians, we should do everything reasonably within our power to justify this appropriation, and insure the best results obtainable. This accomplished, we have laid a substantial foundation for all of our work in solving the Indian problem, and made a long step forward toward their equipment for the responsibilities of citizenship.

Not merely are the members of the service asked to refrain from the use of liquor themselves, but they are reminded that the law cannot be enforced unless they themselves obey it. The violations that have been most flagrant, as pointed out by the last report of the Indian Rights Association, have been those on the part of employees. It specifically notes one, left unpunished, as evidence that in 1912 there was a certain laxity in the Indian Bureau as regards the prosecution of members. There cannot be one law in Indian country for Indians and a different law for whites.

Oberlin College's systematic study of college efficiency, published, after four years' labor, not merely for the benefit of Oberlin, but as "a guide for a searching investigation by any other institution of its own efficiency," has brought to the surface one notable conclusion. It is that for the college to render its full service to society it must contemplate a limitation of the numbers in its main or academic department. The growth of that department has been from 405 students in 1900, through 977 in 1910, to slightly more than 1,000 today. Notwithstanding a doubling of the resources of the institution, this growth has prevented the average size of classes from falling below 26.5—manifestly too large; it has decreased the proportion of full professors to students from one to 27 in 1900 to one to 44.4 in 1910; it has resulted in a deterioration of faculty supervision of student life and work; and it has made inadequacies in equipment more painfully apparent. "Whether the enlargement . . . of the quantity of the service rendered, in view of the quality, has been an unmixed blessing," the report concludes, is very seriously to be questioned. The significance of the recommended restriction is in its novelty; of 35 institutions of a status similar to Oberlin's, only two —and they women's colleges—could report a limitation. The position of many or all, as regards endowment, may be more fortunate; and one wonders if several would not arrive at the same decision as Oberlin if they should conduct an investigation of the same character and thoroughness.

In none of the dispatches from the seat of "war" in Ulster have we seen reference to a proclamation, or "Important Notice," as he called it, issued by Sir Edward Carson. It was to the effect that the Ulster Volunteers must not think they were armed to kill "those of our fellow-countrymen in Ulster" who are Catholics. "Our quarrel is with the Government alone, and we desire that the religious and political views of our opponents should be everywhere respected." This must have fallen like a wet blanket upon the fighting Orangemen of Belfast. For a hundred years they have been throwing cobble-stones and breaking heads over religious differences; and many of them must have felt that they were about to have the chance of their lives to cry "Down with the Pope!" and to smite the Papists hip and thigh. Indeed, it is highly probable that this feeling had become so manifest and threatening that Sir Edward Carson took alarm at it, and gave out his warning, lest the "holy war" should prove to be one purely of religious hostilities.

The fall of the Japanese Cabinet was undoubtedly hastened by the recent disclosures of corruption among officials connected with the Navy Department. But, after all, the naval scandals simply furnished the democratic Opposition in the Diet with a special opportunity in its campaign for a reconstruction of parliamentary institutions on a true representative basis. The influence of the Elder Statesmen has latterly been on the wane, but clan politics have still largely dominated Government policy. Such politics have taken the form of favoring the army or the navy according as members of the Choshu or the Satsuma clan have been in power. Prince Katsura was beaten last year on the issue of large army increases. Last week the Yamamoto Cabinet fell because of the drastic cut in naval appropriations made by the upper house of Parliament. The radical faction in Parliament, opposed to clan rule, is apparently ready to join issue with the army faction or navy faction as occasion offers, with the ultimate purpose of discrediting both. Even in Japan it is apparent that Imperialism is not based entirely on lofty patriotic sentiment, but that patriotism is apt to take the form of a larger army or a larger navy, according to the interests of the men in power.

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HARRYING THE RAILWAYS.

It is an unusual day that does not bring news of fresh pin-pricking of the railways. Last week a suit was filed in Liberty, Texas, against the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad to recover $1,252,000 for the crime of operating one locomotive not equipped with the brake appliances required under the laws of Texas. A few days earlier the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Beaumont & Great Northern Railroads were sued by the same State for the modest sum of $8,400,000 for violation of the laws regarding safety appliances. Texas has evidently high hopes of replenishing her treasury at corporation expense, as well as highly fastidious tastes in the matter of railway equipment. Thus she requires *electric* headlights on all locomotives, entailing hundreds of thousands of dollars of needless expense. All this is particularly annoying to interstate lines, which often find themselves in danger of being punished in one State for conditions which merely conform to the law in another.

Lest any one think we exaggerate, we may point out that when the Kansas City Southern enters Arkansas it is compelled by law to place fly screens in the windows of its cars to protect its passengers from the malarial mosquito. When the train enters Oklahoma its crew is in duty bound to remove all these screens, since they are *forbidden* by law in that State. As the railway winds in and out of both States, the crews, if they would obey the law, find plenty to do. For all they know, State detectives may be in each passenger coach piling up evidence for a ten-million-dollar suit against the road. Now, we should be the last to defend the railways for deliberate and wilful failure to obey the laws of any State, but, as we pointed out last week, thoughtful people must sympathize with the unanswerable contention of the railways that, whatever their past sins, they are now constantly being punished by conflicting orders and laws from Legislatures and Commissions, State and national. The cost of these orders is never counted by the officials issuing them; that is not their concern, but that of the harassed managers.

In New York State, the Federal labor law prescribes eight hours as a working day, and the State nine. The State boiler inspection rules differ from the orders of the Federal inspectors. New York requires the washing out of boilers every thirty days, when everybody knows that some boilers need it every week, and others not in six weeks. Each washing must be attested before a notary, and his certificate must be framed in the cab. The Federal inspector may lay off any engine which does not please him. An interstate railway which starts from St. Louis finds its rates for hauling coal fixed by Missouri; on reaching Kansas it is compelled by State law to carry all passengers for two cents a mile; as soon as its trains arrive in Oklahoma they must stop at a station on the State boundary, whether there is even a hamlet there or not. Wherever a railway enters this State, it must maintain a State-line station. In Arkansas the law requires this same railway to carry an absolutely needless third brakeman on each freight train—only to drop him when Texas is reached and the electric headlight is turned on. This is merely a sample of what State control means, and on top of it all are the orders and regulations not only of the Interstate Commerce Commission, but sometimes of other Federal departments—the Treasury, it is reported, recently issued an order to the railways in regard to the use of drinking-water on trains.

Naturally, we repeat, the honest railway manager who is willing to recognize the changed conditions of to-day finds himself absolutely at a loss. How can he make a budget, when he may be suddenly ordered, like the Pennsylvania, to waste $850,000 under the needless full-crew law? He is between the devil of no dividends for stockholders and the very deep sea of Federal and State regulation. Is he to receive no chart and no compass by which he may steer a true course fair to all concerned?

One of the most serious aspects of it all is that regulation by commission is at stake; this, as every one knows, has been heralded as the middle road between Government ownership and the old haphazard legislative control. It is of vital interest to the country that our railway commissions should be put on the highest possible plane. Some of the questions which are now before them are of enormous importance to the general business interests of the country. Naturally, their authority is undermined if Legislatures like our own continue to meddle in matters which have been definitely allotted to a commission for control. To override it is to lower the commission in the eyes of the public and to breed contempt for it among those whom it is supposed to regulate, while leaving the railway manager utterly at a loss to know where he may obtain a ruling which shall be lasting—at least, for a few months—and shall not conflict with three or four others. It is a situation which calls for statesmanship, not for prejudice and partisanship.

THE ENGLISH ARMY MUTINY.

Publication of the official correspondence relating to the mutiny of English army officers in Ireland furnishes amazing and painful reading. That the Government was incredibly weak in facing the crisis was the first inference drawn. The great principle of civil control of the army was at hazard, yet the Ministry seemed to fumble as if it were merely a question affecting Little Peddlington. Army discipline was imperilled, but the War Office and the Crown went all lengths to soothe the mutineers. Now that all the facts are known, and prove to be even worse than the rumors that have been flying about, it is certain that there will be a blaze of indignation among English Liberals and Radicals. We should say, too, that thoughtful Conservatives, who care less for a party success than for the honor and stanchness of the army, and for the firm establishment of the doctrine of military subordination, must be staggered at the spectacle of a brigadier-general and fifty other officers impudently telling the Government what orders they would and what they would not obey. No wonder that these officers, coddled and almost apologized to, went back to the soldiers and gloried in the victory they have won over the Government. But it at once appeared that the War Office had acted without Cabinet authority. Hence the resignation of the Secretary for War.

It seemed impossible that any British Government, least of all a Liberal Government, could so have faltered and cringed. Mr. Asquith's policy has obviously been one of conciliation. For a long time he has sought in every way possible to arrive at a reasonable compromise on the Ulster question. This was entirely right, provided it was all

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the time understood that no sacrifice of a fundamental principle would be permitted. It is wise to seek to come to an agreement with political opponents, but throughout the negotiations it must be made plain that a final challenge of the supremacy of Parliament will not be tolerated. For statesmen to be patient is well, but for an English statesman to permit army officers to dictate to him what policies he shall be allowed to carry out, with all the forces of the Crown if necessary, is unheard of since the days of the Long Parliament. Every one of those officers should have been instantly court-martialled and broken.

Whether one be by conviction militarist or anti-militarist, there can be no difference of opinion about the duty of an army, if we have an army at all. It must, in the first place, be implicitly and at all times subject to the civil power. The moment you begin to permit army officers to protest against the orders coming to them from the duly constituted authorities, that moment you prepare the way for the destruction of civil liberties, and for the setting up of a Pretorian Guard to decide who the authorities shall be. It is this aspect of the matter which fills English Liberals with shame and rage, and led to extraordinary demonstrations in the House of Commons. The question of Home Rule was temporarily lost sight of in the larger question of the supremacy of Parliament. It cannot be that the English democracy, which has at last got rid of the veto of the House of Lords, will lie down under the assumption of the veto power by the army. And as for the effect of the mutiny on the army itself, how can it be other than disastrous? For years the military authorities in England have been agitating schemes to make the army larger and more effective. But if soldiers will not obey orders, the more you have of them the worse you are off. The mutineers have struck a deadly blow at the army, both at home and abroad. Englishmen have been saying hard things of German military autocracy. Hereafter their mouths will be closed. Nothing that happened at Zabern is so bad as what took place at Curragh.

After all, there is small danger that Gen. Gough will succeed in the rôle of Col. Pride. Mr. Asquith has boldly met the challenge. Himself taking charge of the War Office, he will be in a position both to enforce discipline and to make the issue plain. The democratic and radical spirit has not risen in England to such heights as we have seen, to be beaten back by the waving of a brigadier's sword. The particular occasion chosen for the display of army insubordination will be seized upon, justly or otherwise, as proving that the privileged classes are ready to go to any extreme, even to tampering with the loyalty of soldiers, in order to repress the aspirations of the masses of Englishmen. If a political struggle shapes itself along those lines, there can be no doubt of its outcome. If the English Tories will not submit to the mild rule of Asquith, they may exchange for his whips the scorpions of Lloyd George. However that may be, it is certain that their readiness to throw the army into politics will return to plague them, if they come into office, and will, in any case, be used as a justification for excesses of lawlessness such as we had supposed had become forever impossible in England. It is already evident that the Unionists are waking up to the fact that they have made a great political blunder in fomenting army insubordination.

TENDENCIES IN CONTROL OF PUBLIC UTILITIES.

Upon the control of public-service corporations early centred the whole fight for cleaner and more efficient government. Chicago's contest of 1903 against Yerkes and the franchises he sought was carried through the Stewart-Harrison Mayoralty campaign, and culminated in a riot in the State Legislature that drove the Speaker from his chair. The days of Martin and Quay in Philadelphia, Folk's struggle in St. Louis, Bruce's in Pittsburgh against the Magee-Flinn spoliations, remind us how recently men began to realize that the old way of administering public utilities was outgrown. A vignette in Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" shows vividly this awakening consciousness: a mass-meeting gathering outside the City Hall, the leader reading the Constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech, and the crowd thundering "Let the franchise alone!" But if those were the days when public utilities corporations were guilty of excesses, they were also the days when political rascality made bad conditions inevitable. C. N. Fay tells in "Big Business and Government" how in the '80's Legislature after Legislature in Illinois drafted blackmailing measures which the leaders killed for a suitable consideration.

The flood of regulative legislation of the last three years has vested control in the State. The cities have raised the cry of "home rule" without much effect. Even the weighty Chicago delegation of last July was unable to defeat the establishment of a State Commission in Illinois with large powers, and the League of Nebraska Municipalities has proved similarly helpless. These State bodies represent development from the era when experimental State acts restricted by maximum and minimum rates, through the period when separate Commissions controlled separate public services. The Massachusetts Gas Commission of 1885 was the first of these, and was merged with its fellows only last summer. But in 1907 Wisconsin and New York had already placed all their utilities under centralized control, and before 1911 they were followed by ten other States. Last year, Missouri, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maine, West Virginia, Illinois, Idaho, Montana, and Colorado established State Commissions. All told, twenty-four of the richest and most populous commonwealths have this definite form of regulation. Despite the protest of cities like Denver, St. Louis, Los Angeles, and Kansas City against State absorption, California alone provides for local option between municipal and State Commissions.

The obvious advantages of State control explain its easy triumph. City Commissions were too close to the seat of contention; they were open to public clamor, newspaper attacks, and private grievances. They manifested a tendency to meddle with operating details, and to become manager rather than regulator. The efficiency of commissioners depends upon continuity of term, and of subordinates upon a State-guarded merit system, while their work often requires expert service and equipment, such as is seldom at a city's command. Breadth of view is a further consideration, for the Commission should have authority to authorize or forbid the entrance of a new or the expansion of an old utility corporation. One of the most salient recommendations of State regu-

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lation is the complete control afforded over the issuing of securities. That the large cities may render indispensable aid to the State Commission, especially in keeping watch over the quality of the "output" of any public service company, goes without saying. Peculiar local conditions, calling for peculiar service, are also to be emphasized by local officials. In Chicago the Board of Supervising Engineers has received certain of the functions of a municipal Commission, and New York's division of her Commission into two branches was a desirable step.

Credit for the fair temper of most of the regulation must be given to the Commissioners, who, as a rule, have been men of training, intelligence, and character. *Public Service* has charged them, in the main, with nothing worse than practical inexperience. An engineering journal recently showed that 48 per cent. of the appointees of the last two years were lawyers not in politics, and 24 per cent. engineers, with economists and journalists represented among the others. The chief count is that too few of the laws have been framed to give the Commission the same power to protect the corporation as to protect the public. Whereas such a body should be a court of the utilities as well as the people, in most States complaints and hearings are exclusively on one side. It was the complaint of the Illinois public utilities that the recent law "surrounded the power of control with protective measures which made regulation easy, and objection to the acts of the inexperienced commissioners hard." Only two or three States have followed Wisconsin in giving their Commissions power over municipally-owned utilities. It is unjust for the private plant to face comparison with those which may have transferred accounts, forgotten bond issues, with no allowance made for overhead charges or depreciation.

The sharpest injustices have been those wrought by varying and uncertain standards of valuation and rate-fixing. Sometimes the rates allowed have left a profit of 8 or 10 per cent.; often they have been cut to a barely non-confiscatory basis. When investors look to the immediate past, in some sections they have a certain ground for fear lest money spent now may in the future be legislated out of existence. The problem of valuation is a vexed one, and a thousand plans have been suggested. But there have been circumstances in which undervaluation of property is traceable either to plain stupidity or to a deliberate overlooking of the fact that public services are commonly built up at great risk, through many changes of administration and method. If they are to continue their amazing development, they must be made fruitful fields for enterprise. But it must be admitted that the future of State regulation seems bright.

SENATOR HOLLIS AND HARVARD.

Senator Hollis is the latest radical to fall foul of Harvard conservatism. In an address before the Harvard Union last week he voiced an old plaint in extreme language. He is quite sure that his alma mater "is not representative of the United States, nor of New England. She is too conservative, too hidebound. She lags behind the times. She does not lead; she follows." He believed, he said, that he was the first Harvard man of radical ideas to occupy a seat in the Senate; he was graduated a snob, from which unhappy condition he was saved in 1900 when he first heard William Jennings Bryan, to become at once his "ardent admirer and disciple." And then he polished off the entire American university world in these words, Harvard being, of course, the horrible example:

> The result is that our colleges represent a very thin upper crust of our great American life. They are always respectable, always conservative, always reactionary. That is why rich men, who find things rigged about right for their money-making operations, are glad to contribute to the colleges. The colleges are the greatest dead-weight the capitalists can fasten upon the necks of the American people. The standpatter is conservative, wealth is conservative, the college is conservative. They are all in the same boat.

Mr. Hollis is particularly angry because the bond between Harvard and our political life is not closer. He contrasts it with Western State universities, like Wisconsin, to whose faculty the Legislature submits important questions. He asks: "Imagine, if you please, the Legislature of Massachusetts requesting an opinion from the faculty of Harvard College. Imagine the reception it would get on Beacon Hill if it should find its way there." And then the money side! He finds the belief prevalent among public men in Washington that "every Eastern college is eating from the hand that has robbed the pockets of the people. Until this belief is dissipated, Congress will have little faith in our colleges or in college men." As for our students themselves, he thinks they should have their pocket-money limited, be compelled to use the Australian ballot in choosing class officers, who should be men of highest scholarship only—athletes barred—and be forbidden to use automobiles. Finally, and "most important of all":

> College men should be taught what is wrong with the world, and the way to set it right; what poverty is, and where it exists, what makes it, and what will prevent it; what injustice is, its causes and its remedies; the reasons for high cost of living, and the way to bring it down; the problems of immigration, and how to make country life worth living. They should be taught human interest, the brotherhood of man, the glory of self-sacrifice, the passion of service to mankind.

Now, it would be very easy to poke fun at all this, and to point out how wrong Mr. Hollis is in some utterances and how inconsistent in numerous places. He utters, perhaps, no worse indictment of Harvard than is warranted by the fact that he, a graduate, apparently has never heard of Charles Sumner, also a radical, a graduate, and a Senator, who cut quite a dash in the political world and ruffled it not a little about the time that Mr. Hollis was born, and for a long time before. He has not heard that President Lowell was summoned before a committee of the Legislature on Beacon Hill a week or so ago, as President Eliot often was; that Harvard has placed much of its machinery at the service of Cambridge and freely loaned its professors to aid it and the State wherever possible; that about the most useful State official for years past has been a Harvard Fellow. He has not heard the vigorous protests arising in the West because the State universities, notably Wisconsin, are too much in politics for their own good. It would be cruel to ask him whether *he* knows what is really wrong with the world and just what the remedy is; or if he knows how college professors regard Senators given to worshipping men who advocate national financial dishonesty, and Congressmen who speak with such looseness of statement as his.

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We prefer to-day to pass over this unhappy side of Senator Hollis's speech in order to recognize it as the utterance of a man who is honestly striving for genuine democracy, both in the college and in the political world, and to point out that it has a considerable basis of truth. The agitation for greater undergraduate democracy at Harvard, Princeton, and Yale speaks for him; Harvard was and is divided into two camps, so far as its undergraduate life is concerned. It has always been too slow in taking part in reforms and forward movements—witness the Abolition agitation; Wendell Phillips obtained virtually no hearing at Harvard, and laid many of his Harvard friendships as a sacrifice on the altar of human liberty. Harvard needs in many ways to influence its students to live the simple and democratic life—as it seeks to through the new freshman dormitories; and it should do more than it has done to keep the undergraduates in touch with modern social and political conditions, and to promote the feeling of human brotherhood.

But to dwell on this aspect alone, to condemn Harvard and other Eastern colleges solely on Mr. Hollis's statement of the case, is a gross injustice. There *is* self-sacrifice in them, there *is* passion for human brotherhood; in a hundred classrooms and laboratories there is a selfless searching for the absolute, the scientific, truth, that finds little or no parallel in House or Senate. This devotion to the supreme scholastic aim may lead teacher and student far afield from political life, yet it is a search for that which, above all else, sets men free. To say, moreover, that this great body of teachers is palsied by the dead hand of gifts from men of great wealth is to shut one's eyes to facts; certainly it is to ignore the fact that the malefactors of great wealth who made it by statutory favoritism owed these statutes not to the colleges, but to the Senate and House of the United States during a long series of years. Mr. Hollis was in Harvard during the days of some great and free and noble spirits—such as Charles Eliot Norton, Nathaniel Shaler, Adams S. Hill, William James. What a pity he did not know them and profit by their liberty of speech, their intellectual freedom, their shining patriotism, their devotion to our democratic ideals! What a pity he is so out of touch with Harvard as not to know what public service his college renders in a hundred ways, and that it is graduating radicals, of all types, in abundance! To criticise usefully—as we know Mr. Hollis desires to—one must paint the whole picture, and not a part, and be one's self fair and just.

THE LESSER LITERATURES.

Frédéric Mistral was an excellent illustration of the truth that in the field of literature the spirit of modern imperialism is far from carrying everything before it. The future by no means belongs to the great nations. A people need not be powerful in a political or military or economic sense in order to produce great writers. The list of Nobel prize winners in literature is conclusive on this point. Of the fourteen men who have been honored since the institution of the prize in 1901, we may exclude two winners, Mommsen and Professor Eucken, on the ground that their work does not lie in the field of pure literature. Of the dozen survivors just half are the representatives of minor nationalities. The Scandinavian countries have contributed two in the persons of Björnson and Selma Lagerlöf. Belgium claims Maeterlinck by nativity and the spirit of his work. Mistral for Provence, Sienkiewicz for Poland, and Tagore for Bengal are the representatives of an historical past, and possibly of an historical future, but surely not of a present of first-rate political significance. It should be possible to develop a tenable argument against the prevalent contention which connects national greatness in a general sense with national preëminence in literature. It may be that the triumph of the Greeks over the Persians would account for the splendid outburst of Athenian genius, and that Sir Francis Drake and the Armada were one form of national expression of which Shakespeare was the other. But one can cite instances to the contrary from Isaiah to Goethe.

About such national revivals as Mistral represents there is a curious compound of the artificial and the natural. When an individual or a group of individuals set themselves consciously to recreate a language and a literature, we cannot help being reminded of what the philologians teach regarding the complex and hidden forces that condition the rise and fall of languages, irrespective of the will of man. Even when the organized attempt is successful, as it was in the case of Mistral and the Provençal tongue, the result still impresses one as something of a *tour de force*. The movement initiated by Roumanille, and carried on by the "seven" poets of the Félibrige, produced, after all, only one outstanding figure. Mistral leaves no successor of anything like his stature (even allowing for Félix Gras of the charming "Reds of the Midi"), and it may be that his death is the beginning of the end of the new Provençal movement. To that extent revivals of this sort are artificial. But they are natural to the extent that they do send their roots down into the soil. They are not movements made out of whole cloth. They are a return to a past that was real and splendid. Behind Mistral was the language and literature of the troubadours. Behind a Tagore is a literary and national tradition that stretches back through the centuries. Behind a Sienkiewicz is a tradition that ended but the other day in a political sense and is still vividly alive in the hearts of a conquered people.

One can understand how the hackneyed phrase, "literature and life," has a very real meaning to the nations that have fallen from a great estate or to nations whose dreams of greatness lie in the future. The philologian and the writer, upon whom the soldier and the man of action are accustomed to look down as at best a rather desirable national ornament, become in a very real sense the architects of a nation's repute among the nations. In the great competition of numbers and brute force, what chance do a mere ten million Scandinavians stand against the forward march of the great empires? But a people that has produced an Ibsen, a Björnson, and a Brandes need not bow the head before any one. To most of us, Scandinavia is precisely the native land of Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Brandes. Their value to their countrymen might be almost translated into commercial terms. Their value in prestige of a more enduring nature cannot be calculated. This must be one of the reasons that explain the passionate struggle of Europe's minor and submerged nationalities for the preservation of their historic tongues. There is no people, however small, which does not cher-

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ish dreams of conquest and empire. But until these dreams come true the little peoples know that their safety depends largely on the maintenance of their historic speech and traditions, and that their present prestige can be enhanced by the output of men of literature whose appearance is not dependent on mere strength of numbers.

THE COMPLETE ANTHROPOLOGIST.

As usual the last word on the subject has come from Germany. In his epoch-making book on "Modern Woman and Marriage by Capture," Professor Junker of the University of Zabern has demonstrated in masterly fashion how every physical and mental trait of the woman of to-day may be traced back to the time when the primitive male, whenever he wanted a wife, went out and caught one.

Why, for example, is long hair common among women and not among men? The explanation is simple enough. The primitive wife-hunter would naturally seize his victim and future wife by the hair, especially if he were on horseback and going at full speed. The short-haired women escaped capture and died unmated. The long-haired women perpetuated their kind. Thus, says Professor Junker, although in the course of time women have got out of the habit of looking upon their long-streaming locks (*langwallende Locken*) as a badge of servitude and have even learned to take pride in them, ladies will occasionally speak quite sharply to their maids who are engaged in brushing their hair for the theatre. This is undoubtedly an atavistic remembrance of primitive times.

Incidentally, Professor Junker points out that the same explanation will account for the evolution of a short-haired male race. Primitive woman, taken captive and thrown over the male's shoulder, would naturally struggle to escape. Burying her fingers in the man's hair, she would pull with all her might, tearing out large handfuls. This is why men, as a rule, are short-haired, with a tendency to baldness; the only exception being poets and musicians, who knew how to win women without capturing them and so were seldom in danger of depilation.

The age-old habit of struggling to get away from her future husband and of looking back with tears to the paternal home from which she was being abducted, undoubtedly, according to Professor Junker, accounts for woman's present habit of facing backwards when she is getting off a street-car. The writer does not allude to a second peculiarity closely connected with the first, from which in fact it seems to have been derived. We refer to woman's difficulty in finding the proper change when paying her fare to the conductor, or, better still, when she is purchasing her ticket at the ticket-seller's window with fifteen men in a line behind her and the train just pulling in. Under marriage by capture, woman never travelled of her own accord, but was always hauled or carried. Hence the queer survivals of inexperience in the matter of rapid transit.

As between a primitive maiden who went in for tight sandals and one who wore loose footgear or, better still, went barefoot, which would be most likely to escape the clutches of the wife-hunter? Obviously the free-shod maiden, says Professor Junker (*die freifüssige Jungfrau*), would go free, whereas her frivolous companion could only hobble and so fall a victim to marriage. This is why women of to-day still habitually suffer from tight footgear. And again, the primitive maiden who sought the refuge of the family tent with nightfall remained safe, but the girl addicted to loitering outside after dark was inevitably captured and married, and passed on to her descendants the faculty for getting to the theatre fifteen minutes late.

Foreign Correspondence

FRANCE'S FOREIGN POLICIES—M. DOUMERGUE'S STATEMENT.

PARIS, March 14.

A brief analysis of the text of M. Doumergue's statement before the Chamber on French foreign relations and policy should be interesting in these troublous days. The Prime Minister followed, in his discourse, the order dictated by the interests of the French Parliament. It is better here to take out the different items in the order which should seem most interesting to Americans generally—and to Congress in particular.

After the usual overture of "undying memories connected with the epoch of the liberation of the United States and, for us, mingled with the dawn of our own revolution," M. Doumergue noted: "At the request of the President of the American Federation, the Government of the republic has studied—with the care such a proposition merits—a treaty project to prevent conflicts of every kind between the two countries. I have just sent instructions on this point to our Ambassador at Washington, and I have no doubt that shortly a new treaty will cement the relations of confiding friendship between the two republics.

"On the occasion of the coming opening of the Panama Canal—an undertaking marked by the stamp of French genius and brought to a good end by stubborn American effort—such relations of confiding friendship cannot but be strengthened further."

It is already known in America that the Government's proposition of a Parliamentary appropriation for the official participation of France in the Panama Exhibition at San Francisco is held up, pending the previous settling of certain customs difficulties which have arisen between the two Governments. These chiefly concern certain conflicts of the Tariff law—and of local laws of separate States—with existing treaties between France and the United States. Of the new Tariff law in general, M. Doumergue said:

"A new American customs tariff is in force. In the course of its preparation, French diplomacy often intervened to throw light on the interests of our national commerce and to have clauses of a nature to harm it eliminated. It should be acknowledged that, on the whole, this new tariff brings with it a reduction of customs duties, by which our exporters will certainly be able to profit."

The Prime Minister explained the damage done by the civil war in Mexico to "the numerous and laborious French colony established there for so many years," and to "French capital so largely invested there in great business undertakings of textile factories, mines, railways and banks." He recounted measures already taken, and once more proclaimed French policy: "Like other European Powers, the Government of the French republic has refrained from all intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico—thus giving credit to the policy of the Cabinet of Washington, which is more particularly interested in the re-establishment of order on its southern frontier. It will not, however, fail when the favorable moment comes to demand for French interests, which have been compromised or lost, equitable satisfaction."

The Balkan wars, which have left so many and complicated dangers for the Governments of Europe and for the finances of all the world, were taken up by M. Doumergue, in the order of French policy. Its general principle on which President Poincaré acted so efficiently when he was Foreign Minister, at the beginning of the troubles, was repeated with emphasis: "As in all the incidents of this long crisis, the Government of the republic will do its utmost to keep all the Powers in touch with one another and to secure, by permanent and trustful coöperation with the Cabinets of St. Petersburg and London, continuity of European action in the sense of peace."

It is significant of the present foreign relations of France that the Prime Minister should have given an entire paragraph to praise of Rumania, "whose intervention prevented the struggle [the second Balkan War] going on endlessly," while "she remains an important factor of peace—a powerful element of stability in the Balkan peninsula."

Perhaps more significant still was the tribute to the aged Emperor of Austria; for it is Austria that the new, sudden, and portentous campaign of the German press against Russia is supposed to aim at chiefly—to enforce an increase of armaments there also.

Turkey, while settling down to its new estate, is universally considered a storm breeder between Triple Alliance and Triple Entente. Three times the Prime Minister of France must have weighed his words before speaking here; and what he left unsaid was as noteworthy as what he said. Regarding the universally recognized predominance of French financial interests already engaged in the Ottoman Empire, he contented himself with announcing the near reunion in Paris of the International Commission whose work was interrupted by the second Balkan War. Its business is "to seek the solutions which are to be given

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to financial and economic problems raised by the war."

As between Germany and France, the signature of their agreement for a division of labor in opening up Turkey in Asia has been announced as immediate. This relieves possible tension in that quarter, but M. Doumergue passed it over without explicit mention: "Points of friction have been removed in the equal desire of coming to an understanding and with care to do no harm either to the integrity or the necessary independence of the Ottoman Government."

With a like allusion, he passed over the solution of the never-ending question of Armenia, which, ever since the Prime Minister spoke, has been thought to be setting Germany and Russia by the ears. "We have constantly supported, in strict accord with England, the efforts made by the Russian Government. . . . The Government of the republic will continue this support for the good completion of the work, being assured that the coöperation of all the Powers has been obtained for it."

Italy was reminded of the helpful attitude of France during her conquest of Tripoli: "I doubt not, Italy will show a like spirit of frank friendship in the questions which this new neighborhood may start up." For here, too, between French Tunis, rich and with a large number of Italian colonists, and Italian Tripoli, sterile and undeveloped, there is a danger-point in storms sure to come.

With the obligato hymn to the Triple Entente, this important declaration—in the name of the French republic, no matter what Government is uppermost—concluded:

"France is resolved to keep in the world the place to which her past, her culture, and the labor of her citizens give her a right—and which her military and naval power guarantees—with menace to none."

S. D.

THE WEALTH OF GERMANY.

BERLIN, March 19.

Germany ten years ago was among the three foremost industrial and commercial nations of the world. The United States and Great Britain, the other two members of the triumvirate, have done exceedingly well during the prosperous decade that is past, but probably neither of them would assert that the national fortune has doubled in that time. The claim is made for Germany, however, and made with plausibility.

In 1904, Gustav Schmoller, the great economist of the Berlin University, estimated the wealth of the German people at fifty billions of dollars. The estimate, which was based on study of the returns of taxation, erred probably on the side of conservatism. The national income Schmoller put at six and a quarter billions, over two-thirds of which represented wages to workers. The next few years brought huge increases of taxation, which the people bore with such ease that Professor Schmoller's figures clearly required revision. Imperial taxation has been increased since 1904 by $172,000,000. State and local taxation, especially the latter, has kept pace with the increase in the demands of the empire. Yet the spending capacities of the people expand from year to year in a way that makes the tax-gatherer's mouth water.

Germany must be a great deal richer than Schmoller calculated. According to Arnold Steinmann-Bucher, the German fortune should be placed at between $94,000,000,000 and $99,000,000,000, or about $1,478 per head of the population. This amount is increasing annually by between $2,375,000,000 and $3,000,000,000. The national income in the estimates of the economists has likewise been increasing rapidly for years. Dr. Helfferich, of the Deutsche Bank, the last authority to speak positively, puts it at $10,000,000,000 and Steinmann-Bucher rates it higher. Helfferich's figure would give an annual income per head of the 67,000,000 of Germans of about $148. These figures, according to Steinmann-Bucher, in his newly published work, "Das reiche Deutschland," make Germany the richest country in Europe.

France, with a national fortune of fifty-six and a quarter billions and an average fortune of about $1,406 per capita, is behind Germany in the absolute amount as well as in the amount per head, although, as the French population does not increase and its income does, there is always more money in France than in Germany. To England this patriotic economist allows a fortune of seventy-five billions, which would make the average Briton, with $1,622, slightly richer than his German cousin; but the difference will be wiped out in a few years if German wealth is really expanding at the rate asserted by Steinmann-Bucher. The United States he leaves alone, partly because the huge statistical apparatus of the European tax collector does not exist there, and partly because the American figures would not help his main thesis, which seems to be that there is no country so good to live in and so easy to get rich in as Germany.

The totals for Germany are arrived at in the following way. The value of private property insured against fire in 1912 was fifty billion dollars. It increases at the rate of over two billions a year, and is now reckoned by Steinmann-Bucher at fifty-five billions. The argument that there is a great deal of over-insurance is met by the argument that there is a great deal of under-insurance and much insurable property that is not insured at all. So that the gross amount insured is as likely to be too little as to be too large. Municipal ground values without buildings account for twelve and one-half billions. Berlin alone accounts for over $1,250,000,000, more than 200 times as much as was officially calculated in 1830. In 1850 the value of the ground on which Berlin stands was $20,000,000. It swelled to $1,250,000,000 in sixty years. Nor are these figures exceptional. Berlin has trebled her population since 1871, but many of the large cities have done the same. Hamburg has quadrupled, and Leipzig quintupled hers; Düsseldorf has grown from 69,000 inhabitants to 558,000.

What the development of industry has done for the towns, the high tariff on foodstuffs has done for the country. The country population, it is true, has drifted into towns at an alarming rate, but it has been replaced by imported labor from Russia and Austria (which is not allowed to settle in the country), and the owners of rural land have as yet no cause to complain. Here the yield of the Prussian crown lands furnishes a clue which enables Steinmann to calculate the value of the 150,000,000 acres of German arable and forest land at twelve and one-half billion dollars. This was the figure which, when first published some years ago, led to the attack on the agrarian land-owners as tax-dodgers by Prof. Hans Delbrück, and inspired the movement for wringing death duties out of the Junkers, which only last year found indirect realization in the imposition of the increment value tax.

Fully a tenth of the national fortune belongs to the state. The state railways are valued at over six billions; state-owned mines, buildings, factories, canals, etc., at four and three-quarter billions; private capital invested abroad at over six billions; privately owned mines at between one and one and one-half billions; goods in transit on ships and railroads, and money in circulation make together one and one-half billions, and bring the total up to the amount mentioned at the beginning of this article. Steinmann-Bucher is an optimist in figures, and there are critics who accuse him of adding 10 per cent. out of pure patriotism to all his totals. But it is not easy to catch him tripping. If he rounds his figures upwards, he is justified by the trend of the times. A sign thereof is the way in which Germany is bearing the billion war levy, for which the taxpayers are now preparing, and the increase of forty million dollars of taxation with which they have to reckon in perpetuity. The people seem to have more money to spend than ever, and there are well-founded rumors that the billion levy will yield considerably more than that amount. It is characteristic, too, of the trend of things in Germany at this moment that Steinmann-Bucher is an enthusiastic friend of all war taxes. "Be of good cheer," he calls to his countrymen, "you can afford it. The more we develop our means of war through scientific taxation and finance, the stronger guarantees of peace we create. The deeper we look into the factors of power within our own economic life, the greater becomes our obligation not only to insure peace for ourselves, but to force it upon the nations among which we have so great a preponderance."

Certain it is that Germany is destined to become with every decade a more formidable opponent in war and peace. At present all that hampers her is lack of capital. She has no savings. In a recent case, France obtained huge orders for her industries from Servia by lending her the money with which to pay for them at a safe rate of interest. At the moment, France is the only country in Europe which can do business in this way, but Germany in less than another generation will have savings, too, provided they are not spent on wars.

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Books and Men

"FIRST BOOKS."

"The Passionate Friends," by H. G. Wells, brings the number of his complete novels to a point somewhere between twenty and twenty-five. I do not intend to comment upon the newest one, for the simple reason that I have not read it. But if there were the slightest chance that it is as good a tale as his first, everything else should wait until I had finished it.

"The Time Machine," only preceded by "Select Conversations With an Uncle," appeared in 1895. Mr. Wells became famous through "The War of the Worlds," published three years later. With the appearance of "Tono Bungay" in 1909 he seems to have deserted the Jules Verne type of romance for the sociological novels, which, in the eyes of the critics to whom fiction is a mighty serious affair, give him a dignified place in contemporary English literature, and one worthy of their most learned reviews.

Even for those who prefer their novels undiluted with sociology, there is a great amount of entertainment in "Tono Bungay," in "Ann Veronica," in "The New Machiavelli," and in "Marriage." The uncle in "Tono Bungay," the love affair with the Hon. Beatrice Normanby in the same book, the Labrador experience in "Marriage"—these are examples of the humor, the romance, and the spirit of adventure which constantly interrupt Mr. Wells's more serious purposes.

But "The Time Machine" is almost pure narrative. A "lesson" or a "moral," or an allegory, or whatever you may choose to call it, underlies the tale, to be sure. It is a fanciful picture of the world when warfare, preventable diseases, noxious animals and insects, and hardships of every kind have been abolished. A great quiet has ensued—and with distressing results. The allegory is well hidden, however—the story, on the face of it, is merely one of strange adventure. It promises thrills to any reader at all susceptible to them. Mr. Wells is a master of the horrible—witness certain passages in this book, and in "The Island of Dr. Moreau." Only by producing the long and wearisome novel of psychology, of political economy, of sociology, could he expect to be recognized by the reviewers of this decade as really "significant."

Its author thinks ill of "The Time Machine." In recording a conversation he had with Mr. Roosevelt, he refers to the book as immature and trifling. Certainly, he might have continued to write such books all his life, and the usual critic would have dismissed him as a new kind of Jules Verne.

One of his readers, at any rate, enjoys the first books the most. He will read "Tono Bungay," "Marriage," "The Passionate Friends," and the rest, with enjoyment—once. But he returns to read, and re-read, "The Time Machine," "The Island of Doctor Moreau," "The War of the Worlds," "The First Men in the Moon," and "The War in the Air." The last of these, by the way, contains some of the most quietly humorous and delightful chapters Mr. Wells ever wrote—the incident of the forcible abduction of Bert Smallways by the runaway balloon.

The first book of an author forms an interesting topic. Many readers of fiction will recall a volume called "My First Book," which appeared twenty years ago. The papers composing it had been printed earlier in the *Idler*. Mr. J. K. Jerome edited it, as he did the *Idler* at that time, and there were contributions by twenty-one English novelists, and one American—Bret Harte. The English included Walter Besant, James Payn, Clark Russell, Hall Caine, Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, "Q," and R. L. Stevenson.

Stevenson thought it no end of fun. He wrote, only a month or two before his death, to Conan Doyle: "It is a rattling good series; even people whom you would not expect came in quite the proper tone—Miss Braddon, for instance, who was really one of the best where all are good—or all but one! . . . In short, I fell in love with the 'First Book' series, and determined that it should be all our first books, and that I could not hold back where the white plume of Conan Doyle waved gallantly in the front."

But—in Stevenson's account of his first book, as it appeared in the *Idler*, there were two pictures. One was a full-length portrait of the author; the other was called "Stevenson Telling 'Yarns.'"

"I hope they will republish them," he continues in his letter to Doyle, referring not to the pictures, but to the articles, "though it's a grievous thought to me that that effigy in the German cap—likewise the other effigy of the noisome old man with the long hair, telling indelicate stories to a couple of deformed negresses in a rancid shanty full of wreckage—should be perpetuated. I may seem to speak in pleasantry—it is only a seeming—that German cap, sir, would be found, when I come to die, imprinted on my heart. Enough—my heart is too full. Adieu—Yours very truly,

"Robert Louis Stevenson
(in a German cap, damn 'em!)"

Of the other "first books" mentioned therein, how many would be chosen, as I have ventured to choose Mr. Wells's first, as the favorites with any reader? How many would be named as the writer's "best," or as one of his best? "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" by Clark Russell? Without doubt that would be named by many persons. The "Departmental Ditties" of Kipling? Hardly. "Treasure Island"? Probably. Many of the others are almost unknown titles. Exceptions may be made for "A Shadow of a Crime" by Hall Caine, "A Romance of Two Worlds" by Miss Corelli—which, as the most characteristic thing she ever did, ought to please her admirers best—and "Dead Man's Rock," by Quiller-Couch—a crude but "rattling good" story.

Many of the leading writers of to-day do not appear, naturally enough, in that collection of the early 1890's. Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, Bennett, Galsworthy—these are all absent. Mr. Chesterton was then a youth of twenty. A few years later he published, not his first, but what seems to have been his second book, the volume of essays called "The Defendant." It is little read to-day, and seldom is any reference made to it. The Chestertonian form of humor, the paradox, and the grave assumption of the absurd, appear in it in all their glory, fresh and amusing. He has played many a different tune since then, but usually on the same fiddle.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON.

Poetry

THE ACESTIAN.

The weak and the weary, and all who are fearful of peril, these set apart and let them have their walls in this land. They shall call their city after the name of the hero Acestes.—Aeneid, Book V, lines 716-718.

Safety is mine, and comfort, and the peace
Of broad, still streets, and the trim countryside
About the city walls, and docile-eyed
Respect of prosperous fellow-citizens, release
From straining toward the morrow and surcease
Alike of generous shame and generous pride—
One day but as another, multiplied
Still on and on while the dull years increase.

Only in blessed dreams my eyes are met
By far horizons of fair morning sky;
Only in dreams I hear the pleading voice
Of that great friend who led my youth, ere yet
He braved the last seas of his faith, and I
Entered the mean ways of my recreant choice.

AUGUSTUS MENDON LORD.

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News for Bibliophiles

WORDSWORTH'S REVISIONS.

A set of proof-sheets in my possession, withdrawn from Wordsworth's (probably) next-to-final review of his "An Evening Walk" for the six-volume Moxon 1836 Edition, yields many variants for lines of this poem. That at least one further revision must be understood to intercept the definitive form of the poem for this Edition will be seen from a comparison of texts; *cf.* also a note in Wordsworth's hand on the back of p. 63 (63 as well in the Edition—finis of the piece): "Please to send a Revise. Mr. W. hopes this will be last revise required."

First is a completely excised couplet. Line 13 of the poem as finished was preceded in proof by

Fair scenes, with other eyes, than once, I gaze
Upon the varied charm your round displays,

"Fair scenes" being retained to preface it. The participle of line 20 has been shifted from the preceding line in the page, "Was heard, or woodcocks" displacing "Or the first woodcocks."

For then, even then, the little heart would beat

becomes

For then, the inexperienced heart would beat (line 23);

while "Impatience, pointing upward" (line 25) has been evolved from "Impatience, *panting* upward"—perhaps a less happy change. The next line is wholly recast:

Through passes yet unreached, a brighter road

taking the place of

Where, tipped with gold, the mountain summits glowed.

A quotation in three states emerges from comparative study of lines 41-4, which run in the published text:

When crowding cattle, checked by rails that make
A fence far stretched into the shallow lake,
Lashed the cool water with their restless tails,
Or from high points of rock looked out for fanning gales.

The proof-page before corrections:

When, at the barren wall's unsheltered end,
Where long rails far into the lake extend,
Crowded the shortened herds, and beat the tides
With their quick tails, and lashed their speckled sides.

The quotation with Wordsworth's (first) corrections:

When, checkt and baffled at the bare wall's end,
By rails that far into the lake extend,
The cattle lashed the water with quick tails
Or from high points of rock looked out for cooling gales.

The evolution of the Alexandrine is interesting here; also the dubious judgment involved in sacrificing "quick."

"Humming elm" gives way to "broad-spread oak" in line 47, and

In the brown park, in herds, the troubled deer

to

In the rough fern-clad park, the herded deer

for line 48. "Where the huddling rill" for "up the huddling rill" in line 54, and "Brightens" for the present participle of the verb in line 55 are minor changes.

Line 161 shows the next correction:

Some (hear you not their chisels' clinking sound?)

for

Some (hardly heard their chisels' clinking sound)

and line 166 has

In airy baskets hanging, work and sing

for the proof-page original

Glad from their airy baskets hang and sing.

One feels that a third phase of this line, whether synthetic or not, might have been devised with advantage.

Beginning the next stanza (line 167) the poet supplants

Hung o'er a cloud, above the steep that rears

with

Just where a cloud above the mountain rears

and towards its end (line 187)

The druid-stones their lighted fane unfold

with (first)

. . . a perfect ring . . .

and (in the final text)

. . . a burnished ring . . .*

"Gazer's sight" in line 194 has become "shepherd's sight" and

Anon, in order mounts a gorgeous show (line 199),
Anon, appears a brave a gorgeous show

while "Shadows winding to and fro" in the next line is dismissed for "shadows moving." The concluding verses of this stanza are a very pother of inkish impatience. As they run in final form (lines 204-10):

While silent stands the admiring crowd below,
Silent the visionary warriors go,
Winding in ordered pomp their upward way
Till the last banner of the † long array
Has disappeared, and every trace is fled
Of splendour—save the beacon's spiry head
Tipt with eve's latest gleam of burning red.

And on the proof-page:

Lost gradual, o'er the heights in pomp they go
While silent stands the admiring vale below;
Till the last banner of the† long array
That tips with eve's last gleam his spiry head.

No mere extra foot here as a concession to the poet's cumulative rage, but three full lines—grist for the autograph hunter's mill, if not grist.

"Slowly-waving pinions" supersedes "red slow-waving pinions" in line 212; and then the poet fairly bursts upon his earlier muse (line 215 et seq.). Lines are quite lost in this skelter; clauses dodge about quaintly; "swan" and "road" wind interchangeably. The final text:

'Tis pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where, winding on along some secret bay,
The swan uplifts his chest, and backward flings
His neck, a varying arch, between his towering wings:
The eye that marks the gliding creature sees
How graceful, pride can be, and how majestic, ease.

The proof-page:

How pleasant near the tranquil lake to stray
Where winds the road along a secret bay
[Where the swan winds along some secret bay]
By rills that tumble down the woody steeps,
And run in transport to the dimpling deeps;
Along the 'wild meandering shore' to view
Obsequious grace the winding swan pursue.
He swells his lifted chest, and backward flings
His bridling neck between his towering wings
[His neck a varying arch between his towering wings]
In all the majesty of ease divides
And, glorying, looks around the silent tides;
On as he floats the silvered waters glow
Proud of the varying arch and moveless form of snow.

Note the craftsman's reluctance to lose so good a phrase as "varying arch," also how compact the revamped picture.

"These floods" in line 233 becomes "this flood" in the final text, "whose leafy shades" (line 235) "Where leafy shades," "Where breathes" (line 236) "And breathes," "cottage bower" (line 239) "hutlike bower." Line 240, originally

Fresh water rushes strew the verdant floor

reads

Green water-rushes overspread the floor.

Line 244

With broad black feet they crush their flowery walk

transposes subject-verb and the first clause.

The while upon some sultry summer's day
She dragged [bore] her babes along this weary way

(lines 253-4) is changed to

When with her infants, from some shady seat
By the lake's edge, she rose—to face the noontide heat.

A hyphen is required of "mountain steeps" in line 323; "steaming" in line 333 shrinks to "steamy" and "boding note" (line 335) becomes "gladsome note."

Frosting with hoary light the pearly ground

(line 336) is corrected to read

While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,

"pouring" (line 337) to read "pours a," and "And *pleased her solemn pomp*" (line 339) to read "Pleased as she moves her pomp." "Mountain streams" in line 374 is hyphenated; "timid hare" replaces "feeding hare" in line 383:

The tremulous sob of the complaining owl

(line 384) becomes

The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;

and—"Mr. W. hopes this will be last revise required."

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

*Knight, 1896 Edition: "a brightened ring."

†Knight, 1896 Edition: "their" *cf.* 1849.

Correspondence

THE NEW "NATION."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As one who has followed the successive changes in the editorial management of the *Nation* with the keenest interest, and has frequent occasion to consult the early volumes, I am glad to confess that the first two numbers of the "new" *Nation* have allayed the apprehensions which the announcement of your recent programme aroused in me. Together with many of your readers, I felt that the *Nation* of Godkin and Garrison, of Lamont and More, was good enough for me, and that the new editor could have no higher aim than to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. Like so many others to whom the traditions of the *Nation* are precious, I feared that there was some risk of sacrificing quality to quantity in the effort to broaden its scope, but it is evident that you are merely endeavoring to revert to certain features of the *Nation*, which, in the course of time, have either been obliterated or grown somewhat dimmer. To one who remembers the essays and reviews of Jeffries Wyman, Asa Gray, and Simon Newcomb, it is pleasant to see science restored to a more prominent place in the *Nation*, and if you can succeed in having weighty

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scientific matters discussed by great authorities, you will doubtless attract many new readers. Similarly, it is a laudable purpose to devote more space to important foreign correspondence. It will doubtless be your aim to obtain letters that will compare in subject-matter and treatment with those which, in a former day, James Bryce, Auguste Laugel, Friedrich Kapp, Karl Hillebrand, Gryzanowski, and many other writers of similar rank sent to the *Nation*. Your able summary of the weekly news and the subject of your poem are also pleasantly suggestive of the older days.

A journal like the *Nation* can never, do what it will, appeal to the enormous audiences of our popular monthlies, but it can attract thousands of intelligent men and women throughout the country, who believe that nothing is needed so much at the present day as a periodical that stands for learned and philosophic treatment of the important matters in literature, science, and political life. Fortunately, with all the changes in taste and standards there are still enough readers in the land to give a new *Nation* that shall be old in the best features the warm support to which it is entitled.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

New York, March 30.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow an old reader (since Godkin's time) to say that he likes the new *Nation*. The enlargements are, I think, all for the better—news summary and all. This last I was sorry to have discontinued years ago. The newspapers in general are bad. The newspaper habit is bad. The more ground you cover, the more you do to tell people what they want to know (or what they ought to know), or what is being thought and done in the world, other things being equal, the better. It is a good change. You can make yourself more popular without popularizing, why not? Make yourself simply as cleanly and as soundly humane as possible—reach as many as you can of those who have a good interest in good things. Reach the very highest; of course, abate no jot anywhere of strictest principle; but see to it that the blood is not allowed to run too thin, too pale, too blue. You will pardon the freedom of an old friend, but I had lost a little of my faith in the oracle of so many years, a little of my old-time hearty liking for everything provided.

I. KENDRICK KINNEY.

East Andover, N. H., March 24.

THE LAW'S DELAYS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the cordial approval of many members of the bar, the St. Louis *Republic* has recently begun a campaign of education on the subject of reforming judicial procedure in Missouri. This campaign is remarkable in two respects. In the first place, the *Republic* recognizes, what so few newspapers heretofore have recognized, that the question of judicial reform is not a matter simply of professional interest, but is a social and national problem in the broadest possible sense. In the second place, the *Republic* is emphasizing a factor in the problem which—so far as I am aware—has never been emphasized or even mentioned by any other American newspaper.

What is the most important class of lawsuits from the standpoint of the average citizen? It is the class typified by the ordinary suit to collect money. Putting aside criminal cases and divorce suits, one will find that the average lawsuit is simply an effort on the part of a person who claims to be a creditor to collect money from an alleged debtor. In probably 90 per cent. of the suits of this nature, the person claiming to be the creditor is really a creditor and ought to win the suit. This does not mean that in 90 per cent. of the suits that are actually tried the alleged creditor ought to win, because the majority of suits filed are never tried, but are disposed of in other ways—sometimes by default, sometimes by settlement, sometimes by dismissal because the creditor becomes convinced that the debtor is judgment proof. Most lawsuits are brought by creditors. Delay of justice operates to the disadvantage of creditors and to the advantage of debtors. In England they recognize these facts of human experience, and in England every lawsuit starts with what in effect is simply an order on the defendant to show cause why judgment should not go against him. An elastic system of penal costs (very different from our American court costs) discourages and for practical purposes prevents the assertion of frivolous claims or dilatory defences.

Why do we have delay of justice in America? Who are responsible? The judges? Partly. The legislators? Partly. The lawyers? Partly. The American people? Partly, and also chiefly. As a nation we Americans love debtors. We worship them. We adjust our laws and conduct our courts to suit their convenience. An Irishman once said to me: "In my country it is a disgrace for a man not to pay his debts, but in your country it is a sign of honor and distinction." We have delay of justice in this country because debtors want delay of justice. Debtors are the spoiled children of America. They get whatever they desire. We lawyers are perfectly willing that debtors should enjoy exemption laws and bankruptcy laws. But as a class we lawyers are unwilling that debtors should enjoy delay of justice. We are trying to take delay of justice away from them. We cannot succeed unless we have the support of the general public.

The apotheosis of debtors in America began about a hundred years ago and has continued to the present time. In its origin the movement was humanitarian and praiseworthy. Imprisonment for debt was a reality in those days. But has not the movement gone too far and become ridiculous? The traditional debtor is a hard-working farmer or mechanic struggling to keep the wolf from the door. Is that a true picture of the twentieth-century debtor who glories in delay of justice? Most certainly not. The typical debtor of the twentieth century is a corporation organized along the lines that were so popular in New Jersey before Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor. The transportation and other public-service corporations are the champion debtors of America. They have been very clever. They have capitalized the ordinary American's sentimental affection for debtors. These corporate debtors are the chief beneficiaries of delay of justice in America, and they know it. That is why directly and indirectly they oppose all serious efforts to reform judicial procedure, and why they employ attorneys who are experts at "filling the record full of error." Their attorneys know which side their bread is buttered on. With my own ears I have heard two of the most prominent railway attorneys of Missouri make public speeches against judicial reform. Another one of them opposed judicial reform at Jefferson City in 1911. These were direct and honorable methods of opposing judicial reform.

Business men engaged in competitive trades and vocations do not ordinarily resort to delay of justice. It would hurt their business. It would be a bad advertisement. It is different with monopolized institutions such as the railways and public-service corporations. These latter institutions cannot be hurt, at least to the same extent, by the psychic attitude of their customers. They resort to delay of justice when it pays, or when the men in charge think that it pays. It does not pay a railway to ignore, or fight desperately, the meritorious claim of a large shipper who employs a traffic manager. It does pay a railway to ignore, or fight desperately, the meritorious claim of a small and occasional shipper; and, as a rule, all railways will ignore or fight such a claim. This conduct tends to discourage the assertion of such claims.

The most dramatic examples of capitalizing delay of justice exist in connection with reorganization schemes. No lawyer in St. Louis will deny this statement. Delay of justice, when combined with the tripartite agreement of 1904, has been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the United Railways Company of St. Louis. The tripartite agreement is explained in Barrie vs. United Railways Company, 138 Mo. App., 557, and in Johnson vs. United Railways Company, 247 Mo., 326. In form the tripartite agreement was a legitimate contract among a corporation lessor, a corporate lessee, and a syndicate of stockholders. In effect it was a trick to cast a doubt upon the validity of judgments and claims for personal injuries aggregating an enormous sum. Without delay of justice the trick would not have been worth very much. With delay of justice the trick was worth—nobody knows how much, but certainly a considerable amount of money. The claim agents were able to compromise meritorious claims and judgments for ten or twenty cents on the dollar.

Until many of our fellow-citizens are constrained to abandon the alchemy of making gold out of the law's delay—until that time comes, we lawyers are going to have difficulty in reforming judicial procedure. Reformers who attack property are always at a disadvantage.

TYRRELL WILLIAMS.

Washington University Law School, St. Louis, March 15.

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FREDERIC MISTRAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Mistral, at the age of eighty-three, removes from Provence its most significant and picturesque figure. As a poet and leader of the Félibrige movement, as personality and host, he was to all comers as well as all readers the embodiment of his country.

The unity of his endeavor, the secret of his force, is that he remained faithful to Maillane, his Provençal Abbotsford. During three generations, he resisted the lure of Paris and labored at home for his one mission: the establishment of a modern Provençal literary speech, the development of local patriotism and traditions among the Southrons, and the writing of poems that should artistically further and crown these ends.

How he and the other Félibres have worked and written in this cause is now a matter of history. The semi-centennial of the society was celebrated in 1904. During that period the chiefs of the new Pléiade—Aubanel, Roumanille, who was Mistral's teacher and inspirer, Félix Gras, known here as author of "The Reds of the Midi"—had sealed and delivered their work. For forty years the *Armana prouvençau,* organ of the movement, had incorporated everything pertaining to the region, from cooking recipes to masterly lyrics. Repeated festivals of the band emphasized the gayety of their *savoir,* and their invasion of Catalonia was followed by renewed alliances with France—for they did not lose the larger patriotism. Mistral himself contributed to the cause his monumental Provençal dictionary. And from the publication of his truly epoch-making "Mireille," in 1859, until his latter-day Memoirs, he never ceased to glorify the South in song and story.

The beauty and appeal of "Mireille" are gained chiefly through the intimate feeling with which Mistral presents the life and labors of his home-people. The characters are not studied with penetration, though they are drawn with strong, simple strokes. The story is of the slightest—merely a tale of young love thwarted. But it is told in an epic setting and for the most part with epic force. Especially is this true of the earlier cantos. When the situation is once posed, the author takes less interest in his protagonists than in the scenes through which they move and the legends connected with these scenes. That is indeed characteristic of Mistral's whole method, and is less of a blemish in "Mireille" than elsewhere. Here the descriptions are generally interfused with the very life and being of the people. The loves of Mirèio and Vincen pass naturally from the farm and the gathering of mulberry-leaves, through the scenes with the herders, even to the waste of the Crau. The homely picturesqueness of the many similes, the lilt of the pretty stanzas, are in harmony and proportion.

Not so the episodes, however well told. A particular discrepancy, in the midst of very human affairs, is the introduction of the supernatural. The fantastic side of Mistral's genius is evinced here, as well as his folkloristic desire to dwell on his compatriots' superstition. I refer to the Walpurgis-Nacht with the sorceress and the final mystic death of little Mirèio—a nun-like exit for the simple farmer's daughter, as a German critic indignantly declares.

"Mireille" is Provence. One can easily imagine that, as Daudet says, Mistral composed his poems singing beneath the evergreens. The varying rudeness and softness of the landscape is reflected in his language. We see again the dusty olive-trees, the hard-baked soil, and the red hillside; we feel his stinging ancestral wind over Avignon, together with the blinding sun that struck the girl; we hear the cool ripple of the Rhone, and then shift suddenly to the fields "clothed in universal harvest." The Doric strain is persistent; Lamartine, whose "Jocelyn" may have partly inspired the poem, compared its author to Homer, and the real Mistral is surely Greek. He is autochthonous, objective, plastic, simple. Add to that a verve and enthusiasm, an eloquence peculiar to his own soil. He sings of fields and the man, but most of the fields.

None of his other poems has such a wide appeal and excellence. If "Calendau" (1867) seems from one point of view an epic of a vaster and sterner inspiration, if it speaks even more directly to the heart of the Félibres, the fact remains that it has scarcely touched the world's imagination. The landscape here has shifted to the mountains and the Mediterranean. The story is that of an eighteenth-century princess, who is somehow identified with a fairy seeking refuge in the Estérel mountains. Calendau is her knight-errant, and the book largely recounts his exploits. These are not without their glamour, but so many episodes and descriptions, apart from the main action, are finally wearying. Much of it takes the form of an Apologia for Provence. The characters are scarcely realized and embodied. Many passages are nevertheless of a forceful beauty.

If "Calendau" is a *chanson de geste,* "Nerto" (1884) is a romance of chivalry. In jingling octosyllabic couplets we are told a fantastic tale of a fleeing maiden and an amorous prince, the last Pope of Avignon and a not very diabolical devil. The sprightliness and sweetness of this poem are again incrusted with Provençal antiquities and traditions. These have a better, because a separate, setting in "Les Iles d'Or ("Lis Isclo d'Or," 1875), a volume of lyrics which seem to constitute Mistral's best title to fame after "Mireille." A great variety of pieces, occasional, hymnal, romantic, are arrayed in an almost equal variety of rhythms. There are indubitable masterpieces here, among the best of which, for a foreign taste, are the ballads. Finally, brief mention only can be given to the "Poème du Rhône" (1897) and the "tragedy" called "La Reine Jeanne" (1890). The latter is by no means dramatic; Dr. Downer, in his really readable thesis on Mistral, styles it a pageant rather than a play. It is inappropriately written in Alexandrines, and except for its resuscitation of the Provençal queen *par excellence,* it has no great interest. The "Poème du Rhône" is more realistic and modern than anything else by Mistral, and yet he has mingled with this picture of river-side life a singular sprite-like little maid who gives the desired touch of *diablerie.* All these fantastic creations seem quite his own.

His Memoirs ("Mes Origines," 1906) tell in buoyant, gossiping fashion the early important years of his life. That life has reached its honored close just ten years after he shared the Nobel prize with Echegaray and two years after the final jubilee held in his praise. Throughout he has maintained that directness and simplicity of existence so striking in these bewildered days.

E. Preston Dargan.

University of Chicago, March 27.

SOURCES OF "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Here is another grain of dust to be cast into the balance which, according to the editor of the Globe Coleridge, weighs the influences that went to round out "The Ancient Mariner." Even more convincing than any passage in Shelvocke's "Voyages," which Wordsworth had been reading; even more attractive to a poet's eye (if it ever saw it) than any entry in the log of Capt. Thomas James's "Strange and Dangerous Voyage," is the following sea-description out of the "Travels of Sir Richard Hawkins Knight," printed now in the Publications of the Hakluyt Society:

All the sea became so replenished with forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful: some greene, some blacke, some yellow, some white, some of divers colours; and many of them had life.

This recalls irresistibly the stanzas:

> Beyond the shadow of the ship,
> I watched the water-snakes:
> They moved in tracks of shining white,
> And when they reared, the elfish light
> Fell off in hoary flakes.
>
> Within the shadow of the ship
> I watched their green attire:
> Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
> They coiled and swam; and every track
> Was a flash of golden fire.

The verse, one is tempted to believe, is only the prose glamoured by Coleridge's high instinct in matters of omission and amplification. Might not the poet have seen the Hawkins, as well as the James, in the City Library at Bristol?

One is emboldened on this evidence to pound out one more link with which to connect "the glorious old romanticism of Elizabeth" (to use the words of your reviewer of Mr. Noyes's poems) with "that of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even Shelley," which last, as your reviewer says, seems, beside the older rebellion, "tame and refrigerated."

If such a link is incapable of establishment, the incorrigible romanticist must yet be content to reflect that even the ship captains of that "great age of romantic barbarism," when the geographical imagination of Europe was awakening, and men seemed born to discover, were a poetic lot.

O.

Urbana, Ill., March 15.

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Fish and Fishers.

THE HUMANE ANGLER.

The misguided moralist may disapprove, the majority may remain blankly indifferent, but there is still a goodly remnant to whom the chirp of the robin and the flash of the bluebird's wing tell no cheerier tale than that the streams are again ready for the rod and the fly. The fish made its appeal to the palate of primitive man before the dawn of recorded history. The flint "gorge" with which he jerked his prey from the water in lieu of the far later hook is among the most ingenious tools of the early stone age, and thus has its place in the very foundation of that career of mechanical invention which has given mankind his hold upon the forces of nature. The art had gone much further when Homer could picture the monster Scylla, plucking the hapless comrades of Ulysses from the deck of his ship, under the simile of a fisherman dangling his bait into the sea from the end of a long rod and tossing the gasping fish out upon the shore.

Homer's simile does not suggest the gentler side, however, and whether the ancients ever made the transition from the attitude of the mere fisherman to that of the angler has been questioned. The angler is perforce a lover of nature, and there is a certain unwillingness to admit that the present-day feeling for nature had any close counterpart in the mental make-up of antiquity. But here we may call as witness the spade of the archæologist. A bit of early art has been unearthed at Kuyúnjik which depicts a man floating down stream astride an inflated skin, dangling a very modern-looking hook into the water with his right hand, while swinging behind his left shoulder is a wide-meshed net containing two or three two-pounders already taken. He has no reel or rod and his bait is but the humble worm, but the artist has put into his kindly face the unmistakable imprint of the real angler. His little net speaks of his own frying-pan and not of the market. He will handle tenderly all that comes to his hook; nor is he a man who could witness without instinctive aversion the loading of haddock into carts with pitchforks along the wharves of Atlantic Avenue in Boston.

"Can the fish love the fisherman?" the Roman epigrammatist asked. Perhaps not, if the query be restricted to the individual fish and its captor. Some reed-patch philosopher, however, wont to endow the lower forms of life with a human psychological outfit, might readily imagine a conference of game fishes seriously arriving at the conclusion that in spite of the hook and the frying-pan there is no better friend to their race after all than the angler.

And yet the genuinely humane spirit in angling, remote though its origin may be, has been only too rare an exception until within very recent times. The kindly spirit that breathes in every paragraph of Izaak Walton is notably absent from many a book which tosses out a few quotations from his pages as a lure for the reader's favor. The day is not far gone when the literature of angling, as of fowling and hunting, reeked with boastful records of the number and size of the catch. Many a man can recall the time when he would proudly have stood for his photograph with a catch of trout or bass which, because of the very number in which he then exulted, he would be ashamed to have any one see in his possession to-day. "Conservation" is now the watchword with every genuine angler, and a promising plan for improving the food supply of the fish, exterminating their parasitic enemies, or preserving the streams from contamination, will attract his attention even more than a new improvement in the bearings of a reel or the bend of a hook. But little has been said of large catches in respectable angling literature of recent date, and there will be still less in the future. Against those who refused to fall into step with the new movement effective appeal has been made to legislative restraint, and in many States a rigid limit is now placed upon the number of game fish that a single sportsman may take within a given time.

We might feel prouder of this protective movement if it had had its origin in high ethical motives rather than in the stern realization that angling as a sport was about to come to an end through the reckless extinction of all the most attractive game fishes. But the ethical motive has now been effectively enlisted, and nowhere more actively than among anglers themselves. As the present season opens, then, one may rub up his tackle with the comfortable feeling that he belongs to a fraternity which has taken the proper steps to clear itself of the charge of careless cruelty alleged against it in the past with too much plausibility. Whatever may have been true in Martial's day, if the fish does not love the fisherman now, the reason is simply its limited power to appreciate legitimate grounds for gratitude.

The old story of the lunatic, peering over the wall of his asylum and inviting the angler who had fished for four hours and caught nothing to come inside, is a good enough jest, as newspaper wit goes, and yet the number of anglers is increasing with whom the actual making of a catch is no absolute prerequisite to the success of a day by the stream. It is, of course, true that a stroll in the fields without bait or tackle, summer or winter, is always a delightful possibility to one who can find the time. Yet to many a man worn by the friction of business or professional life there is nothing like the appeal of the rod and stream to rouse the courage to break away for a day and seek renewed strength where it is to be found. Walton and his forerunners and successors have followed no false scent. To one rightly attuned there is no finer form of recreation imaginable. I can readily believe with Sir Izaak that Dean Nowel, who died at ninety-five with senses all alert and no mental faculty weak or useless, owed his healthy longevity in no slight measure to his persistent exercise with the rod. And, thanks to the spread of intelligent ideas of conservation, we need no longer fear the extinction of so commendable a sport. For, after all, whether the fish be actually caught in any given case or no, the feeling that it is really there is essential.

W. H. Johnson.

Literature

THE PROBLEM OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippines, Past and Present. By Dean C. Worcester. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6 net.

While still a college student, Mr. Worcester went to the Philippines in 1886, with an expedition headed by the professor of zoölogy of his college, and spent a year there in zoölogical research. The scientific results were, on the whole, so satisfactory that in 1890 another similar expedition in the islands was started, which lasted for two years and a half, Mr. Worcester on this occasion being the leader. The party penetrated into regions still more remote than those attained on the first expedition and accumulated much valuable information concerning the fauna and flora of parts inhabited by primitive tribes which had never seen, or been seen by, a Spaniard.

Returning in 1892 to his work as an instructor of zoölogy at his *alma mater*, Mr. Worcester finally got out a book on "The Philippine Islands and Their People"; it appeared about the time of the outbreak of the Spanish War. An American who had visited the Philippines was then a very exceptional individual, and Mr. Worcester, being not only the author of the book mentioned, but otherwise a man of high scientific attainments, President McKinley sent him to Manila early in 1899 as a member of what has since been known as the First Philippine Commission, in the earnest hope that diplomatic intervention might avert bloodshed between the American forces under Gen. Otis and the Filipino forces under Aguinaldo.

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But this Commission did not reach Manila until March 4, 1899, and hostilities between the American troops and the Filipinos had already broken out on February 4.

The First Philippine Commission was succeeded in the spring of 1900 by the Taft Philippine Commission, Mr. Worcester being the only member of the first Commission retained on the second. There was no break in the continuity of his service. On July 4, 1901, civil government was organized in the Philippines, with Mr. Taft as the first Civil Governor, while the four other members of the Taft Philippine Commission constituted a sort of cabinet. There was a portfolio of Commerce and Police, another of Finance and Justice, another of Public Instruction, and another of the Interior. Mr. Worcester was appointed Secretary of the Interior, and he served continuously in that office from July 4, 1901, until September 15, 1913, when he resigned and came home.

It goes without saying that what he has to tell about the Philippines is highly interesting; also that he is entirely in sympathy with the policy which has been pursued in the islands during his long service there, and entirely out of sympathy with the policy of the present Administration. His work is partly historical and partly descriptive and informative. On this latter scientific side the author is perhaps better qualified to speak than any other living man.

After the battle of Manila Bay of May 1, 1898, while waiting for the American troops to arrive, Admiral Dewey had been prevailed upon to bring Aguinaldo and some of his followers down from Hongkong to Manila, with a view of letting him start an insurrection against the Spaniards ashore, the function of such insurrection to be, presumably, identical with the one Garcia was maintaining contemporaneously in Cuba, under the friendly auspices of the blockading squadron under Admiral Sampson. Dewey probably supposed that the United States was going to do with the Philippines what we had announced in the declaration of war against Spain we were going to do with Cuba, and Aguinaldo probably supposed so, too. But Dewey made Aguinaldo no promises other than such as may have been implied in bringing him down from Hongkong to Manila, landing him at Cavité, May 17, 1898, supplying him with guns and ammunition to begin the work which our soldiers were on the way out to complete, turning over to him from time to time as they surrendered Spanish troops whom the navy had no way to keep, etc. Aguinaldo constantly conferred with the Admiral also—"was most obedient," the Admiral is quoted as saying.

Before our troops arrived Aguinaldo had proclaimed himself head of a Provisional Government and, in its name, had issued a declaration that the Filipino people desired and intended to be free and independent. Also he had sent copies of all these documents to Admiral Dewey. On June 30, 1898, General Anderson, commanding the first batch of arrivals, told Admiral Dewey, to the latter's surprise, that when he left San Francisco, there was already much talk in the United States about retaining the Philippines, though the Senate resolution of April 21, 1898, declaring war against Spain in order to free Cuba had concluded: "The United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control, over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the Government and control of the island to its people."

Mr. Worcester quotes at length from many official documents and records to prove that neither Mr. Pratt, then Consul at Singapore, nor Mr. Wildman, ur Consul at Hongkong, nor Mr. Williams, our Consul at Manila, nor Admiral Dewey, nor General Anderson, nor any one else connected with the American Government in the Far East at that time, either said or did anything to give Aguinaldo the least ground for expecting independence at our hands. Yet Mr. Worcester's presentation of the case wholly ignores the causes of our war against Spain. Cuba is not even mentioned in his book. Naturally, the Filipinos were justified in confidently trusting that if they helped us drive out Spain, as the Cubans were doing, we would not give them a mere change of masters. Aguinaldo knew as well as any American Consul that what such consul might say to him was merely the expression of personal opinion, hopes, and good will. Mr. Worcester devotes too much space to what Pratt, Williams, and Wildman may have said, and too little to what our Admiral in fact did, and what our generals subsequently did in confirmation of Dewey's policy.

We are persuaded that the final verdict of history will be something like this: When the Spanish war broke out, all our representatives then in he Far East, consular, military, naval, etc., as well as all American citizens out there, took it for granted that our policy in the Philippines would agree with that proposed for Cuba. A little later the McKinley Administration began to think that it would pay to keep the Philippines, and as soon as our representatives in the East became aware of this, they had to trim their sails accordingly. Mr. Worcester devotes more than 100 pages of his book to proving that nobody connected with our Government ever held out false hopes to Aguinaldo. What he proves for us is merely his hatred of every Filipino who desires to see the independence of his country. All such persons he denounces as "politicos"—meaning demagogues. He resigned his connection with the Government of the Philippines last autumn, undoubtedly because he was not in sympathy with the Philippine policy of the Wilson Administration. That he had also become *persona non grata* to the Filipino people is not open to doubt. The present work breathes a spirit of animosity not often equalled in a work intended to be a permanent contribution to the annals of men's struggles for free institutions. In one place, for instance, in referring to one of his subordinates who died in the discharge of his duty during a cholera epidemic which the Health Department was trying to suppress, he speaks quite bitterly of this man's having laid down his life while endeavoring to do good to "an alien and hostile people." For the peons and the wild mountain tribes alone, Mr. Worcester seems to entertain a genuinely kindly regard. If the author is correct, no American official in the Philippines in the critical early days did anything he ought not to have done. Mr. Worcester is at great pains to prove that the Filipinos, and not the Americans, were the aggressors in the war. To us it does not seem necessary to determine who fired the first shot in order to decide who were the aggressors in that war. We coveted their country, and the Filipinos did not wish us to have it. It makes no difference that we really desired to make them happy. They did not care for our brand of happiness, preferring to undertake "the pursuit of happiness" in their own way. Here was an issue, and the issue was finally submitted to the arbitrament of war.

There are several chapters relating to the state of public order in the islands between the date of the battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898, and the outbreak of February 4, 1899. These chapters culminate in one entitled, Did We Destroy a Republic? All of them are by way of negative reply to that question. Two young naval officers made a trip through the interior of Luzon by authority of Admiral Dewey in the latter part of 1898, and on their return reported quite favorably as to the state of public order under the Aguinaldo Government. Professor Worcester says these young gentlemen were mistaken. He quotes copiously from captured insurgent documents to support his view. These show more or less abnormal conditions, brigandage, etc., in some of the provinces, but they also show two other things, viz.: (1) that every signer of every insurgent document making any

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reference to Aguinaldo at all, recognized him quite loyally as the head of the Government; (2) the state of public order in each province depended largely upon the personal equation of the military commander representing the Aguinaldo Government in that province. For instance, in order to prove the existence of turmoil, he cites a communication from Gen. Juan Cailles to Aguinaldo in which the former says that conditions were much disturbed in the province to which he was assigned before he took hold. Then he goes on to tell how he promptly captured and forthwith shot a few of the principal brigands who were terrorizing the province, and took other steps dictated by common-sense, and that since then things have been reasonably tranquil.

In dealing with conditions in the Cagayan Valley under the Aguinaldo Government, the author grows angry with Judge James H. Blount, author of "The American Occupation of the Philippines, 1898-1912," for having said that the cruelties practiced upon the Spanish friars in that valley at that time were "ebullitions of revenge for three centuries of tyranny, and do not disprove capacity for self-government." In order to make these cruelties rival, in horror, those of the Spanish Inquisition, Mr. Worcester accepts at face value descriptions subsequently made in writing by various of the friars who escaped. Of course, when the Filipinos turned the tables on the friars in 1898, they put into practice some of the lessons in cruelty which they had learned from their Spanish masters, but when you subtract from the friars' testimony all but first-hand knowledge, the residuum appears just about as Judge Blount summed it up. Judge Blount made the additional point that many of our officers during the Philippine insurrection winked at torture practiced to extract information from insurgents as to the whereabouts of the enemy and of hidden guns. Mr. Worcester frantically denounces all these statements, in the face of the numerous courts-martial of officials for such offences, as not only, according to his belief, untrue, but also, in his opinion, "despicable" attacks upon the fair name of the army. This criticism of an officer who served honorably in the Philippine War is also interesting when we notice that in the second edition of Blount's volume there is printed a letter wherein Gen. Funston characterizes this book as "a remarkably accurate and fair history of the Philippine adventure to date."

The difference between the attitude of the two men is clear. Judge Blount's book was a brief for what may now be called the Wilson-Bryan Philippine policy; Mr. Worcester's book is a brief for the McKinley-Taft Philippine policy. Judge Blount took Mr. Worcester to task on the ground that his activities with, and wide advertisement of, the wild tribes of the remote interior tended to make the American people suppose that the Filipinos were mostly wild tribes instead of, as they are, a substantially homogeneous Christian people, whose distinguishing characteristics are respect for authority, love of family, home, and country, and consideration for one another, and that he dwelt upon the bitter hatred between Mr. Worcester and the people whose taxes for so many years paid his salary.

We are quite clear that valuable and striking as Mr. Worcester's book is, it will never stand as the final word about our occupation of the islands any more than will Mr. Blount's. Both are partisan, but, to our minds, Mr. Blount has the nobler and juster point of view, and we are the more reinforced in this by Mr. Worcester's present activities. He has allied himself with a company for the commercial exploitation of the Philippines which seeks money from the public in a sanctimonious, philanthropic-religious garb for the purpose of exploiting the Philippines—of course, entirely in their interests. Similar benevolent intentions have marked the history of all exploitation of the world's subject races, and a similar disregard of what the natives themselves would prefer or what is best for them, has made a sorry chapter in the world's commercial history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Honey-Star. By Ticknor Edwardes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Critics nowadays are likely to do less than justice to this idyl type of romance. Our training, under Hardy and the realists, is in danger of making us forget that in "As You Like It" and "The Winter's Tale" the setting is merely decorative and the peasant characters furnish a picturesque background for the delightfully impossible central figures. The right question to ask is, "Does the author invest this setting and his characters with the imaginative charm which makes us accept them in spite of our sense of fact?"

On the whole, Mr. Edwardes succeeds in doing this. We do not care whether Elisabel March, the bee-master's daughter, who has gained her education in a draper's shop, could have developed in her surroundings or not; there she is, a charming and gracious princess in disguise. When Claud Laughton first sees her he is on his way to propose to a rich and beautiful girl for whom he cares little. Instantly he falls in love with Elisabel; what else could he do? And it would not be easy to find in recent fiction a better account of a man's falling in love at first sight. Laughton, too, is a bee-master, who has succeeded through modern methods where her father has failed; this fact, and the other girl and Claud's own past life, are barriers between them. But to summarize the plot would be an injustice to the story. Much of its attractiveness is due to the delicate finish and suggestiveness of the style; take that away, and the unreality of plot and character at once become overemphasized.

The Lodger. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"In the long history of crime it has very, very seldom happened that a woman has betrayed one who has taken refuge with her." This is the text which Mrs. Lowndes has chosen to illustrate. Mr. and Mrs. Bunting are highly respectable people, formerly servants, who take lodgers. Their house is empty and they are in pecuniary straits, when the lodger appears, without luggage except for a small handbag, and takes their four rooms. He is a quiet, eccentric gentleman, with a fondness for reading the Bible aloud to himself and a habit of walking out at night. A series of terrible murders throws London into a panic. Gradually Mrs. Bunting comes to suspect, finally to be almost certain, that the lodger is the murderer. Her one instinct is to protect him. The nerves of wife and husband are kept on edge by the murders recurring every ten days, and by the frequent visits of Joe Chandler, a young detective, who is in love with Daisy Bunting. The book is not a detective story: the reader from the first recognizes the criminal. Mrs. Lowndes is interested merely in studying the mental contortions of poor Ellen Bunting, suffering under her terrible secret. She writes in the spirit of impartial curiosity, without a trace of sympathy. The book is a clever monograph in the form of fiction, a job hardly worth while, and well done.

Shallow Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Authorized Translation from the Norwegian by Carl Christian Hyllested. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author of this story has been famous in Norway for a quarter of a century, and well-known throughout Europe for many years. "In Russia," says the translator, "his popularity exceeds that of many of its own inimitable writers." German criticism has dealt seriously with him. Yet he is now first introduced to the English-reading public. Out of his thirty volumes—novels, plays, book of travel, essays, poems—"Shallow Soil" seems to have been chosen with some care as an entering wedge, being "in some respects the most contained of Hamsun's works."

The author has a special claim upon the interest of American readers because he underwent an important part of his

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apprenticeship in this country. He was brought up on one of the Lofoten Islands, became a cobbler's apprentice, and while still in his 'teens wrote a long poem and a novel, and contrived somehow to get them printed. They attracted no attention. He worked his way to Christiania and into the university, but his independence and improvidence soon disqualified him as a student, and he sailed for America as a steerage passenger. "He had intended to become a Unitarian minister. Instead of doing so he had to work as a farm-hand on the prairie, street-car conductor in Chicago, dairyman in Dakota; and he varied these pursuits by giving a series of lectures on French literature in Minneapolis." He returned to Christiania and made another luckless attempt to gain recognition as a writer; but it was after three years on a Newfoundland fishing smack that he made his third and successful effort to reach an audience.

"Shallow Soil" gives a picture of Christiania towards the end of the century: a community lacking in political or social force; commercially strong but despising its "peddlers" and "hucksters," and strangely adoring a group of pretentious young poets. One of these contemptible fellows, Irgens, is the villain of the story. Into his nerveless hands fall the two women, Hanka and Aagot, who are so much alive in these pages. Hanka is the rebellious young wife painted by Ibsen, Aagot the innocent, characterless maiden whose sweetness and charm are at the service of any sufficiently insistent male. Hanka's eyes are opened, and she becomes a woman; Aagot we must believe lost beyond hope. But it is Aagot whom the strong man of the story, Coldevin, the poor tutor, is doomed to worship. He stands for what is sturdiest and most loyal, as well as most intelligent, in the Norwegian character. His presence redeems the book from mere satire, with a touch of true creative imagination. But it is clear that, more or less dimly, he identifies Aagot with his beloved Norway, and we leave him, convinced of the girl's shame, in the act of destroying the little bow of Norwegian colors she has given him.

The Hour of Conflict. By Hamilton Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Co.

This is a story of happiness temporarily frustrated by social prejudice and maleducation. Everard Leyden is expelled from Oxford after sowing a full measure of wild oats. He meets Toinette Guerchard, an unsophisticated French village maiden. The eternal passion engulfs the pair, and the usual momentary indiscretion follows. Everard, who sought the affair merely as a pleasant diversion, finds himself changed from "a mere philanderer to a passionate lover." All might yet go well, could he but marry the girl. But his parents, to whom the young aristocrat is beholden for his support, could not be expected to consent. Toinette, ignorant of the ways of the world, insists on accompanying young Everard to his home. His repeated objections rouse her suspicion, and she flings herself into the sea. Everard returns to England, but the thought that he has murdered Toinette eats into his mind. He even attempts suicide. Finally, half-crazed, he returns to the little French village to join his Toinette at the bottom of the sea. He is saved from drowning, however, and learns that Toinette is not dead. The two are reunited, to live—we are left to infer—happily ever after.

Despite this decidedly romantic ending, the story is quite convincing, and has a number of intensely dramatic situations. The characters are well drawn. Especially noteworthy are the corpulent Hippolyte Guerchard, Toinette's father; the venerable abbé, her uncle; and Ruddy Laleham, the Bohemian artist, perhaps the most original character in the book. Indeed, the episode in which the last one figures makes a delightful little story in itself.

WILFRID WARD'S VIVID PORTRAITURE.

Men and Matters. By Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Ward's biographical writings need not be told what kind of style and what range of ideas to expect in this book of essays. If anything, his work gains in precision and persuasiveness from the greater condensation of the essay form, and it is possible to say of the present volume that no one can afford to miss it who is interested in vivid portraiture and in the more solid thought of the day. The reader's pleasure in the papers on Cardinals Vaughan and Newman, on Thomas Aquinas and other more frankly Catholic topics, will naturally depend somewhat on his own religious position; but to no great extent, for Mr. Ward is never bigoted or blind, and in general he brings to the questions of the Church the same judicious temper and broad outlook as to the problems of secular philosophy and government.

One of the religious essays, that on "The Conservative Genius of the Church," is devoted to a logical analysis of what he regards as the true office of conservatism in progress, and gives the key to his position throughout the book. "The first process, of resistance," he says, "is the work of authority, of Rome itself; the second, of assimilation, is the work of individuals, authority only tolerating and not necessarily helping it, until it is so far tested that authority can more or less ratify what individuals have initiated." As an example of this double process he cites the complete adaptation of theology to Aristotelian philosophy by St. Thomas Aquinas. A century earlier St. Bernard, as the champion of orthodoxy, had bitterly opposed Abelard's attempt to introduce the Aristotelian method which had recently been brought into notice by the Arabs—and rightly, from the Catholic point of view, for its acceptance then, before it had been properly digested, would have meant the disruption of the church. The feat of orthodox acceptance remained for a saintly theologian, who was impregnated by both the new dialectic and the tradition of the fathers. His work was thus "a gigantic scheme of conservative reform, a signal protest against the 'fossilism,' which calls itself conservative, the lines of the new system being mainly determined by the intellectual conditions of the time." Such a conservatism implies, of course, that the central structure, or tradition, is essentially sound and should not be swept away, but should be allowed to develop by the natural means of inclusion and assimilation; it can be imposed on those of radical temperament only by showing in each case that the slow process of growth is actually more progressive than a complete uprooting and new planting, and Mr. Ward's presentation of modern religious conditions is largely directed to just this end.

Probably most of Mr. Ward's readers will find more to interest them in his application of this rational conservatism to the problems of politics and secular life than in his specifically religious studies, though it must be a very unthoughtful man who is not made to pause by the discussion of "Reduced Christianity," in which the "Orthodoxy" of G. K. Chesterton and "The Gospel and Human Needs" of Dr. Neville Figgis are thrown into contrast with the sentimental maunderings of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Richard Meynell." The first two essays of the book, dealing with Disraeli, are based on the new biography and on Lord Cromer's severe arraignment of the man; they form together a notable piece of political analysis and psychological portraiture. In the inevitable contrast between Disraeli and Gladstone our essayist naturally takes the side of the former and quotes with secret satisfaction his description of his rival as a "sophisticated rhetorician inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." He thinks that the common opinion of Disraeli as an alien to the British aristocracy to the end is not correct, and in support of his view quotes the words of Lord Emly: "In 1878 the impossible had happened. He had won not only power, but general reverence. Our aristocracy not

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only accepted him, but treated him with the utmost respect." In the famous matter of Disraeli's denial that he had ever asked Peel for office, Mr. Monypenny, we know, does not venture to acquit him of sheer untruthfulness. Mr. Ward leans rather to mercy in his view. He argues that it may have been a mere lapse of memory on Disraeli's part, and cites a curiously parallel case in which Cardinal Newman, whose word could not be doubted, fell into the same sort of error. His apology is minute and specious, but we fear that most readers will stand with Mr. Monypenny. Mr. Ward is, however, by no means a thick-and-thin admirer of Disraeli, nor does he attempt to slur over the shallow and fantastic aspects of his character. "Disraeli's sincerity then was real, but with a touch of underlying cynicism, and this undoubtedly told against scrupulous conscientiousness. There were certain great ideals which he meant to realize. If anything was worth while, they were worth while, and, to some extent, the end justified the means."

Even better on the whole is Mr. Ward's study of John Stuart Mill—a masterly piece of writing. He takes as texts Gladstone's characterization of Mill as the "saint of Rationalism," and Disreali's opinion, expressed with a shrug of the shoulders, "a political finishing governess." Between this Scylla and Charybdis, he sails with marvellous dexterity, and it is not often that one will find a character more touched to the quick or a philosophy more finely dissected. He does not deny the "thin lucidity" which Mr. Balfour disliked in Mill, but he has two points of sympathetic contact with him. In politics Mill grew towards the "speculative Toryism" of Wordsworth and Coleridge (Mr. Ward would no doubt add Disraeli's name), which he called "*tout bonnement* a reverence for government in the abstract"; and in his "Essays on Religion," published posthumously in 1874, he gave the shrewdest blow to atheistical rationalism which it had received in the century. The effect of this half-recantation Mr. Ward describes vividly:

> Many of us still remember the shock which this essay created. Mr. Leslie Stephen was reported to have paced the room in indignation which could not be contained, while his wife yet further angered him by the poor consolation of "I told you so. I always said John Mill was orthodox." Mr. John Morley, in the *Fortnightly*, did not disguise his profound disappointment. This was not the Mill whose henchman he had been, and whose praises he had sung so enthusiastically only a year earlier, on the occasion of his death. Mr. W. L. Courtney testifies to the "consternation" caused "among those of Mill's disciples who had fed themselves on his earlier work" by an essay which seemed to recommend the renunciation of reason in favor of the twilight of faith. The religious press was, of course, jubilant. And the religious party scored heavily in a long-standing combat.

That is the very atmosphere of an age we are already beginning to forget; and always Mr. Ward has this apt and human way of illustrating the philosophical point he is discussing. He carries one along with him whether one agrees with him or not—and your reviewer heartily disagrees with him in at least one of his principal tenets. Others of his essays, as for instance those on Tennyson and George Wyndham, are purely literary and biographical; all are notably good.

PHILOSOPHIES OF THE ORIENT.

The Religion of the Samurai: A Study of Zen Philosophy and Discipline in China and Japan. By Kaiten Nukariya. London: Luzac & Co.

If the title of this interesting treatise implies that the Zen form of Buddhism was in an exclusive sense the faith of the Japanese Samurai, it is misleading, for the bulk of the warrior class belonged to other Buddhist sects or were Shintoists. Indeed, the Restoration of 1868 was accomplished by men who dreamed of the reëstablishment of pure Shinto, a difficult task, inasmuch as the deeper-rooted faith from India had so modified the native cult as to alter its whole complexion. But these dreamers certainly did not call themselves adherents of Zenshu, and were cold or hostile to the Buddhist faith. If, however, the title signifies merely that among Buddhist sects, which numbered as many as seventy, the three forms which Zenshu took were the most characteristic of Samurai ideals, the objection is partly or wholly met. One of the most exquisite and typical of Japanese landscape gardens, the Kinkakuji, or "Golden Pavilion," in Kyoto, belongs to a monastery of the Zen sect, whither one of the Ashikaga rulers retired and built himself a palace as a nominal retreat from the cares of the world. Indeed, when the Ashikaga shoguns were ruling Japan from Kamakura, most of the Samurai at their court were followers of Zenshu. And after the bitter struggle with Christianity three centuries ago, when the warring Buddhist sects banded together to oust the dangerous intruding faith, Zenshu was the only one which had vitality enough to send forth another branch, the Obaku, although its teacher, Ingen, founder of the temple of Obaku-san, near Lake Biwa, was a Chinese. At all times Japanese Buddhism has reverted to China or India for fresh inspiration, for in religion, as in other intellectual fields, the Japanese mind modifies rather than originates.

The history of Zen has been an honorable one. The typical hero of mediæval Japan, Kusunoki Masashige, who died gloriously near Kobe after his army had been crushed by a superior foe, was a follower of Zen. What is lacking in this admirable study by Professor Nukariya is any adequate historic setting. From the first page to the last everything is from the Zenshu priest's standpoint, with an evident and laudable desire to present a dignified and up-to-date confession of faith. Much, however, is read into Zenshu that is recent and belongs to the post-Samurai period of Meiji. The book, unfortunately, has no index, a lack that is not compensated for by the careful table of contents and the clear paragraph headings. The Keiogijiku, where the author is professor, was founded a quarter of a century ago by Fukuzawa, one of the great thinkers and leaders of modern Japan, and was at the outset officered in part by American teachers from Harvard, Unitarians. The faith that the author expounds recalls in many of its particulars creeds that have come recently from under the shadow of Harvard University.

The treatise is of interest as showing the intellectual activity that has begun to characterize Japanese Buddhists since the triumphant close of the Russo-Japanese War ten years ago. Under the long Tokugawa shogunate, when they enjoyed state favor, their church sank into moral lethargy and intellectual torpor. At the Restoration her clergy were ignored and despised, and they met the keen attacks of Christian missionaries with sullen silence or virulent abuse. Now they meet argument with argument, and dogma with dogma. Zenshu was a contemplative form of Buddhism, and its adherents rejected spells, prayers, incantations, or any elaborate ritual. The strongest of the three sects, the Soto, was always honorably distinguished by learning and poverty. Its teaching emphasized traditions of conduct and mental attitude handed down from master to pupil, from senior to junior, far above written doctrine or stereotyped lesson. Its practice of abstraction, of cultivating superiority to petty distractions, produced a mood that was scholarly and heroic. Zen inculcated austere discipline without asceticism. Later it was associated with culture and refinement, as in the tea ceremonial and the landscape garden. It was in the latter half of the seventeenth century, says the author, that Zen began to interest itself in the composition of the Japanese miniature ode, or *uta*, largely through the influence of Basho, one of the cult and a man of genius. "Again, it was made use of by the teachers of popular ethics, who did a great deal in the education of the lower classes. In this way Zen and its peculiar taste gradually found its way into the arts of peace, such as literature, fine art, tea-ceremony, cookery, gardening,

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architecture, and at last it has permeated through every fibre of Japanese life."

While the author quotes familiar passages from Shakespeare, Milton, Whittier, and Longfellow when germane to his argument, we miss Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall," where it might come in very appositely. But as he argues keenly against individual immortality, a belief that is at the core of Tennyson's creed and message, the lack of sympathy is explained. The English poet had no liking for the "vague, unsweet" faith that teaches a general Soul, into which separate souls are fused. Zen, on the other hand, "gives no countenance to the superstition of Immortality, nor does it hold that the world is the best of all possible worlds, nor conceive life simply as blessing. It is in this world, imperfect, changing, and moving, that Zen finds the divine light it worships." To the follower of Zenshu, Nirvana "means the extinction of pain and the annihilation of sin."

The volume is to be welcomed as a distinct contribution to thought in a field of mental activity which needs ploughing just at present. If the followers of Jodo and Shinshu, both of which sects are represented by missions under the American flag, could give us like expositions of their creeds, they would meet a genuine want.

A NEW ENGLAND PIONEER.

Lieutenant Joshua Hewes: A New England Pioneer and Some of His Descendants. With Materials for a Genealogical History of Other Families of the Same Name; and a sketch of Joseph Hewes, the Signer. Edited and chiefly compiled by Eben Putnam. Privately printed. New York: J. F. Tapley Co.

The pioneer ancestor of the Hewes family was Joshua Hewes, who was born in Royston, Herts, and came to New England in 1633. Settling in Roxbury, Mass., and soon becoming a freeman, he married the next year Mary Goldstone, of Watertown. He was a member and sergeant of the "Military Company of the Massachusetts," a deputy to the General Court, selectman and constable of Roxbury, and feoffee of the grammar school. Generally speaking, he was a merchant whose consignments between 1646 and 1650 seem to have been the largest in New England. He was also interested in the early Undertaking of the Iron Works, the failure of which brought trouble on the ironmonger, Joshua Foote, the uncle for whom Hewes was named, and ultimately contributed to the misfortune of Hewes himself. In 1656-7 he married again, this time Alice, widow of John Crabtree. On the death of Foote he had considerable difficulty in disentangling himself from the confusion into which his uncle's death had brought both their estates, and the closing years of his life did not fulfil the promise of his earlier activities. He was, however, a good citizen, and on his return from a more or less unsuccessful venture in Rhode Island did not lose the respect of his former associates.

In telling this modest story of a man of the first generation, Mr. Putnam has introduced a not inconsiderable portion of New England history of that period. The poor lieutenant is quite concealed in a maze of circumstantial detail, and his personality, for doubtless he had one, is lost sight of. Then follow the descendants of this Joshua Hewes, John Hewes, of Lynnfield; Joseph Hewes, the North Carolina "Signer"; George Hewes, of Salisbury, Mass., and Abel Huse, of Newbury. Other families named Hewes, Huse, and Hughes in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama, and Georgia are also described. Brief genealogies of the Tapley, Putnam, Norden-Copp, Johnson, Smith, Wellman, and Cogswell families, and a sturdy list of the Hewes pensioners of the War of 1812, find a place here. But most important of all is a sketch of David Hewes, a genuine '49er, still living, a graduate of Phillips Andover, of Yale, in 1852, "the most distinguished of any class graduated at Yale." While in college he invested $3,000 in

Peter Naylor's Iron Houses, obtained leave of absence from college, went to San Francisco by way of the Isthmus, erected his buildings profitably in Sacramento, and built a Congregational church, to which he gave a library brought with him. Later he went back to San Francisco and began the business of grading with a plant of one shovel, one wheelbarrow, and a Chinaman. In 1858 he bought out his partner for $42,-500, and graded Market and other streets and removed sandhills. Through these extensive operations he came to be called the "Maker of San Francisco."

In 1873 he sold his cars, engines, and other machinery to Henry Villard. He kept on buying city lots, and meanwhile constructed the first home-built locomotive in California. After the disaster of 1906 he put up at once a fourteen-story building, which was voted by the Trades Union to be the best erected since the earthquake. "Destroyed to-day, build to-morrow" was his laconic order. In 1869 he gave the golden spike and laurel tie that connected the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railways.

He was the father-in-law of the late Leland Stanford, and a man of numerous activities which knew no bounds. Even on a wedding trip with his second wife his enthusiasm led him to purchase three mummies. On the whole, it is a brisk, American story, this life of a man who was part of an era in which the Central Pacific, towards the end of its long task, laid ten miles of track between sunrise and sunset, at the rate of 144 feet a minute. The record of such a family, of no exalted eminence, of no depth of poverty, illustrates well the essential stuff out of which the best of this country is made. The early strength of family character gave promise of continuous growth and not decline.

The first pioneer and the latest, Joshua and David, were not the only worthies bearing the name of Hewes. From George Hewes came George Robert Twelve Hewes, who was one of the Boston Tea Party, and his son of even stranger name, George Robert Twelve Fifteen Hewes. A manuscript diary of James Hewes, of Lynnfield, Mass., another '49er, here printed for the first time (pp. 166-179), describes a journey overland to the west coast of Mexico, then up to Sacramento. There seems to have been a scarcity of food, but of señoritas "very plenty." Possibly it was this Hewes who founded the first library at Lynnfield by inducing the newly chosen selectmen on election day to start a library fund with the money customarily spent in treating the free and enlightened voters at Deacon Parsons's bar.

Although Mr. Putnam put the book together and built it, rather too lavishly, as we have said, in parts, it is worthy of note that Mr. David Hewes spent thirty years in collecting the materials. Conjectural genealogy is never satisfactory, and for this reason it must be said that the words "possibly" and "probably" occur far too often. The plates are good, and the portraits show an uncommonly vigorous breed of wholesome men and women.

Notes

The Century Company will publish this month: "Idle Wives," by James Oppenheim; "Bedesman 4," by Mary Skrine; "The Rise of the American People," by Rowland G. Usher.

Henry Holt & Company announce that they will publish towards the end of April "The Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists," by the late "Sister Nivedita" (Miss Noble), completed by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy.

Little Brown & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of: "Ariadne of Allan Water," by Sidney McCall; "North of Fifty-three," by Bertrand W. Sinclair; "The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance; "Felicidad," by Rowland Thomas.

McBride, Nast & Co. announce that they have in preparation for early publication Strindberg's "The Growth of a Soul."

A Pageant of English Literature is to be given in Oxford from April 28 to 30. The scenes will represent episodes in the history of English literature from Cædmon to Addison and Steele. Dr. T. H. Warren, the professor of poetry, has written Cædmon's ode for the first episode.

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E. P. Dutton announces for publication at the beginning of May the following additional volumes of Everyman's Library: Biography: "The Oxford Reformers," by Frederic Seebohm; "The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield," by James Anthony Froude; "Pioneer Work for Women," by Elizabeth Blackwell; "Colley Cibber: An Apology for His Life," with an appreciation by William Hazlitt.—Classical: "Livy's History of Rome," Vols. II and III, translated by Canon W. L. Roberts; "The Muses' Pageant," Vol. III, by W. M. L. Hutchinson.—Essays and criticism: "Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs," by Countess Martinengo-Cæsaresco; "Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple," edited by Judge Parry; "An Anthology of English Prose," edited by S. L. Edwards.—Fiction: "Peter Wilkins, or the Flying Indians," by Herbert Paltock; Turgeniev's "Lisa," translated by W. R. S. Ralston; George MacDonald's "Sir Gibbie"; Morier's "Hajji Baba"; Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South"; Dostoievsky's "The Idiot"; "Pamela," by Samuel Richardson.

The Selden Society announces that the volume of its publications for the current year will be the "Bills in Eyre," edited by Mr. William C. Bolland, and that it has also in preparation for publication a volume of the Year Books of Edward II., edited by Mr. Turner and Professor Geldart. Volume 26 for 1911, the sixth volume of the Year Book series, edited by Mr. G. J. Turner, is still delayed, but is expected soon. Owing to the death of Mr. I. S. Leadam, who was engaged on a volume of Select Cases before the King's Council, the completion of that volume will be entrusted to Professor James T. Baldwin, of Vassar College.

AMBASSADOR PAGE was prevented by throat troubles, following an attack of influenza, from addressing the annual meeting of the Booksellers' Provident Institution the other day. John Murray expressed special regrets at this misfortune, as he had hoped to welcome in Mr. Page the first member of the publishing craft to rise to the position of Ambassador to England. A similar institution for the benefit of authors is to have Mr. Page's assistance on May 5, for he has promised to preside on that date at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. During the last year the fund has made grants, reaching a total of $20,600, to 52 applicants; three for archæology and topography, nine for history and biography, three for art, five for poetry and the drama, sixteen for novels and tales, three for education and scientific work, and thirteen miscellaneous.

LITTLE by little English universities are coming into closer touch with the State. There was a stiff fight at Cambridge recently over a proposal to apply for a Government grant for the Medical School. It was argued against it that the acceptance of Government money must in the long run mean some measure of Government control, and that, however necessary such subventions might be for the new universities which have no large body of alumni on whom to depend for help, they were not really needed for Oxford and Cambridge, and would, indeed, tend to discourage the generosity of private donors. On the other side, it was pointed out that the principle had already been conceded, as both the School of Agriculture and the Department of Astrophysics were in receipt of State assistance. The proposal was carried in the University Senate by 268 votes to 235.

IN pursuance of the action taken at the conference of professors, held at Baltimore last November, the chairman, Professor Bloomfield, was authorized to appoint a committee representing the principal subjects of study and the principal universities. After some unavoidable delays, the chairman of the conference has announced the composition of the committee as follows: Astronomy, George C. Comstock (Wisconsin); biological science, E. G. Conklin (Princeton), R. G. Harrison (Yale), and Theodore Hough (Virginia); classical philology, E. Capps (Princeton); chemistry, Julius Stieglitz (Chicago); economics, M. A. Aldrich (Tulane) and Alvin S. Johnson (Cornell); education and psychology, John Dewey (Columbia); engineering, Guido H. Marx (Stanford); English, J. W. Bright (Johns Hopkins) and C. M. Gayley (California); geology, W. H. Hobbs (Michigan); Germanic philology, M. D. Learned (Pennsylvania); history, W. E. Dodd (Chicago); law, Roscoe Pound (Harvard); mathematics, C. J. Keyser (Columbia) and Henry Taber (Clark); medicine, C. S. Minot (Harvard); Oriental languages, Morris Jastrow (Pennsylvania); philosophy, A. O. Lovejoy (Johns Hopkins) and Frank Thilly (Cornell); physics, C. E. Mendenhall (Wisconsin); political science, Isidor Loeb (Missouri); romance philology, F. M. Warren (Yale). Professor Dewey has consented to act as chairman. The committee may be expected to begin at once the consideration of the questions submitted to it; and it will doubtless be able to announce the date of the contemplated meeting, and its general proposals with respect to the association, within a few months.

NO more interesting American autobiography has appeared in a good while than Brand Whitlock's "Forty Years of It" (Appleton). It is not merely that he has the knack of telling a story—he has an unusually intersting story to tell. He strikes the keynote at the very beginning in the episode of the surreptitious release of a negro prisoner, restrained by ball and chain, and paying the penalty for some misdemeanor by aimlessly wielding a broom on the hot and deserted main street of the town of Urbana, O. Whitlock's grandfather was the Mayor of Urbana, and, calling the negro into his office, he unlocked his fetters and told him to get away without arousing attention. This putting of the human side first is the centre of Brand Whitlock's philosophy. It leads him into folly now and then, as when he decides never to prosecute another person, and leaves one to infer that we should be better off without courts than with them. But in general he is so sane as well as sympathetic that one can forgive him even this great error. He is a hater as well as a dreamer, and the objects of his hatred are two: reformers and Puritanism. Perhaps these are really but one. At all events, he hates them as fiercely as if he had been anything but the very advanced Mayor whose ambition was to follow in the footsteps of "Golden Rule" Jones. What distinguishes him, and distinguished Jones, from the kind of reformer that he scorns is his utter skepticism of panaceas. "The great emancipation will not come," he writes, "through the formulæ of Independents, Socialists, or single-taxers, nor through Law and Order Leagues, nor Civic Associations." This does not prevent him from being a single-taxer or from fighting his utmost for a three-cent fare. His lack of faith in these devices as final does not keep him from laying hold on such weapons as the times provide.

IT is necessary to speak of Mr. Whitlock's philosophy at some length because it more and more becomes his story, submerging incident in reflection. Yet he relates many events of fascinating interest. It was he who at Gov. Altgeld's direction drew up the famous pardon for the Chicago anarchists who had escaped the gallows and were serving sentences in the penitentiary. His work as a reporter in Chicago brought him into association with such different personages as James G. Blaine and Eugene V. Debs. But his heroes are "Golden Rule" Jones and Tom Johnson, and he makes them live again in his pages. No picture of this man, who was Jones's successor as Mayor of Toledo, serving four successive terms, would be complete that omitted his estimate of the relative values of politics and literature. He may be best known to the country as one of the new type of municipal executive, but his aspirations are all literary. Emerson and Whitman bulk larger in his eyes than a host of even honest and capable men in the troubled field of politics. These seem to him to be merely going through the motions of doing something, while one who writes works for eternity. Here again he will appear to many readers too sweeping, but this also is part of the man who has so well revealed himself and his time in this book.

THOSE whose appetite for the delicate lyric of India has already been whetted by the translations by Mr. Paul Elmer More and Mr. Arthur Ryder will be glad to know that the whole collection of the three centuries of Bhartrihari ("The Satakas of Bhartrihari," with an Introduction, by J. M. Kennedy) has now appeared in handy form in the Oriental Philosophy series (Boston: John W. Luce & Co.). The reason why Bhartrihari is thus linked with philosophy is that one century of his verses is of philosophical or at least of religious content. Mr. Kennedy is well known as a competent scholar, but we confess that we prefer his translations to his history. It is not at all certain that the first philosophers of India were martial aristocrats; nor is it even probable that the priests almost annihilated the warrior caste. Nor again is the Gita in the epic as strange as would be the Gospel of St. John in the Iliad. Finally, although it is said that some scholars assign Bhartrihari to the

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second century, Mr. Kennedy strangely sets his date as "about the eighth or ninth century." Surely, 650 A.D. is a much more probable *terminus ad,* if only because Itsing mentions Bhartrihari, and that pilgrim died in 703.

WE are enabled by Volumes IV and V of "The German Classics" (The German Publication Society, New York) to recognize the aim of the editors more clearly than was hitherto possible. There is a far larger proportion of original translations, the introductions, by uniformly competent American hands, tell something like a consecutive story of the development of the various epochs of German literature, and the authors selected are thoroughly representative. We have in the volumes before us extracts from Jean Paul, Wilhelm von Humboldt, the two Schlegels, Novalis, Hölderlin, Tieck, Heinrich von Kleist, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Schelling, Achim von Arnim, and Clemens Brentano, the Grimms, Arndt, Körner, Schenkendorf, Uhland, Eichendorff, Chamisso, E. T. A. Hoffmann, Fouqué, Hauff, Rückert, and Platen. The poetic translations, on the whole, are spirited and give more of the atmosphere of the original than do the prose renderings. These sometimes, as in the case of Frances H. King's excerpt from Wilhelm von Humboldt's essay on Schiller, intensify the original heaviness. The same translator, however, is inspired by "The Opening of the Will," from Jean Paul's "Flegeljahre" and by Kleist's classic story of "Michael Kohlhaas," to a far more graceful and idiomatic treatment. A conspicuously successful piece of translation is Professor Coleman's version of Rückert's "Parable." It is a literal rendering, which preserves, with the metre, all the ease and impressiveness of the original. Among the other translators of verse, who have grappled, not unsuccessfully, with difficult themes, Margaret Münsterberg holds first place. But none can compare with older translators (whom it is not always easy to distinguish from the actual contributors to these volumes) like Longfellow and Leland. The poets among the living who appear here as translators do not show to the greatest advantage. Hermann Hagedorn's rendering of Kleist's "Prinz von Homburg" has not a few harsh lines and doubtful colloquialisms, such as (p. 488, Vol. IV):

> You whimsical old gentleman, with you
> I get nowhere! You bribe me with your tongue—
> Me, with your craftily framed sophistries.
> . . . . . .
> Well, now, by heaven,
> I call that nerve!

NEITHER has Percy MacKaye achieved great success in dealing with his German fellow-craftsmen. As was, perhaps, inevitable in volumes so largely concerned with the period of German Romanticism, there broods over what is offered here to the American reader a strange air of unreality, which occasionally makes one wish for things more robust, and not so far removed from what remains eternally young and appeals to universal taste. The editors have certainly dipped into a long-forgotten past in resuscitating Friedrich Schlegel's "Lucinde," that lascivious production of his turbulent youth, of which the author himself grew to be so ashamed that he never wanted it included in the complete edition of his works. The illustrations are, in part, intended to run "parallel to the literary development" of which these volumes treat, but the charm of Schwind's romantic fancy has wholly vanished in most of the reproductions.

WILLARD GROSVENOR BLEYER'S "Newspaper Writing and Editing" (Houghton Mifflin) is distinguished from previous books on the same subject by its free use of facsimile newspaper headlines, its emphasis upon the importance of the "lead," the abundance of exercises for practice, and its attractive physical qualities of convenient size, thinner paper than is often used, and beautiful typography. The text is also better written than that of most of its rivals. The volume contains little that is new, but it carries the analysis of various kinds of "stories" further than is usual, and does this in a way to illustrate rather than to make more obscure the mysteries with which it deals. It does not make the common mistake of furnishing a "Don't" list.

THE latest addition to American Nietzsche literature is a book of 150 pages by Dr. Paul Carus, entitled "Nietzsche and Other Exponents of Individualism" (Open Court Publishing Co.). The author assures us many times that Nietzsche is not to be taken seriously as a philosopher, yet he has given a painstaking if somewhat unsystematic refutation of his theories. Dr. Carus believes that the old nominalistic school is the parent of Nietzsche's philosophy, and that unwisdom is justified of her child. The logical outcome of nominalism is philosophic anarchism. The book may be read with profit as a sort of corrective to the writings of Mencken and of other recent Nietzsche enthusiasts. On page 14 the date 1907 is given instead of 1887 for the visit of Deussen to Nietzsche. There are several interesting illustrations of statues and portraits of the German philosopher.

THE other exponents of individualism discussed in the book are Max Stirner and Mr. George Moore. The latter's "Confessions of a Young Man" is shown to contain many interesting parallels to Nietzsche's ideas, though Dr. Carus adds that Mr. Moore is "scarcely familiar with the writings of his German double." That may have been true in 1888, when the "Confessions" appeared, but it is assuredly not the case now. At the conclusion of his "Memoirs of My Dead Self," for example, there is an eloquent statement of the doctrine of Eternal Recurrence, as if it were a personal conviction.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT'S "England Since Waterloo" (Putnam) completes the excellent seven-volume "History of England" which has been appearing under the editorship of Charles Oman. The earlier volumes by Oman, H. W. C. Davis, Vickers, Innes, Trevelyan, and Grant Robertson have already passed beyond the first edition and won a deserved recognition from scholars and general readers. Mr. Marriott had a more difficult task than his predecessors. To treat adequately the domestic as well as the foreign affairs of England during the last century is no easy task. Though the multiplicity of unconnected facts which he compresses within 500 pages sometimes smacks of the "Annual Register," he has made, on the whole, a readable, trustworthy, and unprejudiced statement of the most important facts of England's development since the Napoleonic period. While his volume does not have the sustained interest and the personal atmosphere which gives such charm to the histories of Justin McCarthy, Spencer Walpole, and Herbert Paul, it is, nevertheless, more satisfactory to the student in being more compact with fact, more free from partisanship, and drawn with a better perspective. The author frequently gives vivacity to his narrative by quoting brief characteristic phrases which sum up a movement or a man. He gives almost as much attention to England's foreign affairs as he gives to her development at home, threading his way with a sure foot through the intricacies of European diplomatic affairs. His account of Palmerston, though brief, is a good example of his excellent way of characterizing the leading statesmen; it is fair both to the Queen and to Palmerston. Palmerston's foreign policy was so energetic that he was thoroughly hated on the Continent, and Germans used to declare,

> Hat der Teufel einen Sohn,
> So ist er sicher Palmerston.

Mr. Marriott has a good brief bibliography at the close of his volume, but his maps are altogether inferior to the text, being neither artistic nor accurate, nor as clear as one has a right to expect when so much detail has been omitted.

"POEMS by Sir John Salusbury and Robert Chester" (Bryn Mawr Monographs: Monograph Series, XIV), with an introduction by Carleton Brown, is interesting mainly on account of its connection with the problem of "The Phœnix and the Turtle," the least known and the most enigmatical of all the productions of Shakespeare's pen. The pieces contained in the volume are now edited for the first time from Christ Church MS. 184 and from the unique copy of poems dedicated to Sir John Salusbury by a certain Robert Parry and printed in 1597, which is preserved in the library of S. R. Christie-Miller at Britwell Court. The above-mentioned poem of Shakespeare's first appeared in a sort of appendix to Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint, allegorically shadowing the truth of Love in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle" (1601). In the excessively long title-page the poem is said to be a translation from the Italian of "Torquato Caeliano." Professor Brown does not mention this circumstance, and his whole discussion is evidently based on the assumption that Chester's allegory is entirely of his own invention. This is probably true, but the Elizabethans did not hesitate to plunder the Italian poets even for occasional poems, for instance, elegies on the death of a friend or a patron, so that the state-

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ment of the title-page, though it looks like a mystification, deserves some consideration. The appendix to "Love's Martyr," or "Poeticall Essaies," as the title-page calls it, contains, besides Shakespeare's poem, still other contributions on this allegorical theme of the Phœnix and the Turtle from Marston, Chapman, Jonson, and "Ignoto."

THE poems which Professor Brown now publishes for the first time have little intrinsic value, but they throw light on the literary tendencies of Salusbury and Chester and on their relations with one another. They were both devotees to acrostic verse, and the number and warmth of the pieces of this kind which Sir John addresses to his sister-in-law, Dorothy Halsall, arouse unpleasant suspicions. From the biographical sketch of Salusbury, which Professor Brown has worked out with great diligence on the basis of unpublished records at Hatfield House and elsewhere, it seems that in 1595 he was appointed one of the esquires of the body to the Queen and that he was knighted by her in 1601. It was on his visits to London during the intervening years, no doubt, that he was drawn into an intimacy with the great Elizabethan poets who contributed to the above-mentioned "Poeticall Essaies" in his honor. Professor Brown's researches in regard to Robert Chester have not been quite so conclusive, but he has proved at least that Dr. Grosart erred in identifying him with Robert Chester of Royston, and he has made it clear that the author of "Love's Martyr" and the poems here printed must have been closely connected with Sir John Salusbury's household—very likely as chaplain. His interpretation of the allegory in "Love's Martyr" is that the Turtle-dove represents Salusbury and the Phœnix his wife, Ursula Stanley, who was an illegitimate daughter of the Earl of Derby, and, furthermore, that the poem was written in commemoration of their marriage (1586) and a short time after the event. It could not have been very long after, for the Phœnix concerned was soon giving to the world a numerous offspring, instead of the traditional *one* which the legend required. The choice of allegory, it must be confessed, was not a very happy one for the celebration of a marriage, but Professor Brown's solution seems to us, after all, the most plausible that has been offered, and it explains satisfactorily also the "Poeticall Essaies," with the all-important exception of Shakespeare's poem. That remains as much of an enigma as ever. In this poem stress is laid on the childlessness of the couple. What business has such a poem in a volume which was manifestly compiled in honor of Sir John Salusbury?

IN conclusion, two details recorded here are worth mentioning. First, Sir John Salusbury was the lineal ancestor of Mrs. Thrale. This constitutes really his greatest service to the world. Secondly, the Christ Church MS. includes a holograph copy of a poem by Ben Jonson. The manuscript originated in the Salusbury family, and the above item furnishes additional evidence of the close ties that united Sir John to the giants of the Elizabethan age.

MRS. FRANCES BOARDMAN SQUIRE POTTER, professor of English literature at the University of Minnesota, died at Minneapolis on March 25. Mrs. Potter was born at Elmira, N. Y., in 1867. She was graduated from Elmira College in 1887, and took an A.M. degree there in 1889. She became a member of the Minnesota faculty in 1900. Mrs. Potter was well known as a lecturer on woman's suffrage, and wrote a number of stories and articles for magazine publication, a novel, and two plays.

Science

PSYCHIC ACTIVITY.

The Unconscious. By Morton Prince. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

Dr. Prince is well known to many who care little for neurology or psychology as the talented author of "The Dissociation of a Personality," in which he pictured in so fascinating a manner what he looks upon as the multiple individualities of Miss Beauchamp. In the volume before us we miss as little of the vivacity and charm of this earlier work as one could expect in consideration of the fact that the several chapters consist of lectures, which of necessity lose much in transcription; in this case mainly because of numerous repetitions which, while valuable in the classroom, tend to obscure the course of the writer's thought. Notwithstanding this, the book is a contribution to the subject considered that is valuable alike to the physician and to the psychologist: to the physician for its suggestiveness of method in treating those unfortunates who are troubled with what are roughly classified as nervous diseases; and to the psychologist for the accumulation, and more or less orderly consideration, of a great mass of facts that are significant for him as well as for neurologists.

This accumulation of facts emphasizes again the importance of the study of that realm of our mental life that is beyond the field of awareness, and which is usually called the sub-conscious; a term which our author quite properly uses as little as possible because of its vague meaning. Thus he divides (p. 352) the whole psychic field into A, attention, and the focus of awareness; B, fringe of awareness; C, co-conscious states (sub-conscious); beyond which he holds that there are D, unconscious processes, into which states C shade off, and which may develop any one of the states described under classes A, B, or C. In terms of these three classes he would explain a broad array of phenomena, and whether or not one agrees that these distinctions have the validity he claims for them, it must be acknowledged that they serve well to marshal the facts presented to us.

After a brief chapter on the Theory of Memory as a process, and three chapters devoted to the study of the extent to which life's experiences are conserved, he turns to the question (p. 109), "How, and in what form, manner, or way, are they conserved? In other words, what is the nature of the residuum? Is it psychical or physical?" and in a chapter entitled Neurograms he attempts the explanation of the puzzling problem as to the *modus operandi* of the retentive process which leads us to ask where the ideas that are recovered remain in the interval between their original existence and their recall. He concludes that they cannot be supposed to lie dormant as psychic existences, but that their corresponding "neurograms" may be conceived to remain dormant, and upon occasion to be aroused to such renewed activity as is necessary to the production of the recovered idea.

This conception, which is novel only in its mode of presentation, has to meet the difficulty that it assumes that the neural activity under certain conditions, and only under certain conditions, *produces* the idea; a view which contradicts the hypothesis of psycho-physical parallelism which he upholds. Furthermore, the notion of a dormant neurogram itself is far from satisfactory. Indeed, our author practically resuscitates the "store-house" theory of retentiveness, the inadequacy of which is now so generally appreciated. Nevertheless, as has been noted, he himself acknowledges (p. 352) that the "co-conscious" states *shade off* into the "unconscious processes," and beyond that holds (p. 534) that these latter ". . . may undergo sub-conscious *incubation* and *elaboration*"; and the facts which lead to these statements certainly indicate that we are unwarranted in holding that the experiences of life are filed away, as it were, for future possible use, lying "dormant" until called for. If we carry out consistently so thoroughgoing a parallelism between neural activities and conscious states as he would defend, it would seem to be but logical to hold that there must exist some "psychological dispositions" to correspond with the "physiological dispositions" which he calls neurograms. In truth, one of the most cogent arguments in favor of the hypothesis of the thoroughgoing correspondence between changes of neural activity and changes in consciousness lies in the fact that it enables us to express the phenomena of retentiveness in terms of readjustments of efficiencies, both physiological and mental; which are not entities that are dead or dormant when not evidenced, but which, being given in one moment, are permanent readjustments, which in a future moment may appear in familiar form, or as subjected to subsequent readjustments, according as the neural patterns

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and their corresponding mental patterns of the future moment do, or do not, emphasize these efficiencies.

The remaining eleven chapters of the book are given mainly to the illustration of the thesis just referred to, and to the explanation of the varied ways in which the sub-attentive conscious processes affect the life of clear awareness. And here it may be noted that it will be a great relief to those who have of late been steeped in the Freudian literature to find an author whose grasp of the facts is so complete, and who employs the method of "psycho-analysis" without stint, making little of Freud's imaginative hypotheses, and rejecting his far-fetched erotic interpretations; and writing without such dogmatism or special pleading as Freud's works display. In fact, Dr. Prince goes far to refute the claims of the Freudians by showing that the facts presented by them in support of their theses are equally well explicable on other grounds.

The book is so admirable in many ways that it is a thankless task to dwell upon its shortcomings; but it is impossible to overlook them if for no other reason than that the author is so important a leader. Such a task is the less distasteful, however, because these weaknesses may all be summed up in one indictment, which is aimed, not so much at the author, or even at neurologists in general, but at psychologists as a class. For these latter in the past have practically closed their eyes to the facts relative to the "unconscious" upon which Dr. Prince fixes our attention; with the result that these facts have been brought into the light of day largely by neurologists who in the beginning have not been students of psychology, and who, when they have turned to the works of psychological experts, have found little reference to the subjects of their special interest. The neurologists have thus been led to think that they must work out a new psychology of their own; and this in a measure they actually have done, but not unnaturally without a mastery of the work of their predecessors in the psychological field taken as a whole. Under such conditions it is not surprising to find evidences of narrowness of reading, of crudities of thought, and of impatience with fundamental considerations which have become commonplaces among the psychologists of the older schools. Thus our author (p. 446) evidently thinks that McDougall was the first to maintain that our emotions are instinctive phenomena; overlooking the fact that Darwin in his "Expression of the Emotions," and James in his Psychology, emphasized this view; and that it has long since been generally conceded that the emotions are merely a special type of "instinct feelings." Thus, again, we find him casting aside almost with contempt (p. 312) what he calls "the conventional conception of perception as usually expounded in the text-books"; and again giving vent (p. 538) to somewhat violent denunciation in describing, in ignorance of the real import of the conception, the "unity of consciousness . . . as a cant expression uttered by some unsophisticated ancient philosopher and repeated like an article of faith by each successive generation without stopping to think of its meaning or to test it by reference to facts."

We must also lay upon the psychologists a large part of the blame for our author's unfortunate application of the term memory to facts of retentiveness; for not a few of those who lean towards the "new psychology" have been guilty of this iniquity. Nevertheless, we cannot acquit Dr. Prince altogether, for he need not have read farther than James Ward's article on Psychology in the Encyclopædia Britannica to have seen that it is retentiveness and not memory that is a common characteristic of our physiological and psychic life. Memory is, of course, based upon retentiveness; but memory involves the recognition of attachment to the individual's experience, and is the coördinate of expectation, as is not the case with retentiveness. The failure to distinguish the one from the other is a matter of importance in such investigations as our author is conducting.

But as has been already remarked, the philosophers and psychologists of the past have themselves to blame for all this. They have persistently overlooked what are now seen to be some of the most significant facts in relation to our mental life, and they must not be surprised if those who have had these facts forced upon them in therapeutic practice build a new psychological science, which is crude and incomplete in some directions, and in others inconsistent with the formulations of that long array of masters who have devoted themselves to the study of our mental life.

Dr. Egbert Le Fevre, dean of the New York University Medical School, who died on March 29, was born in Raritan, N. J., October 29, 1858. He graduated from Rutgers College in 1880, took his A.M. degree from the same institution in 1884, his M.D. from the New York University Medical College in 1883, and was an interne at Bellevue Hospital from 1883 until 1885. He received the honorary degree of Sc.D. from Rutgers in 1910, and the degree of LL.D. from New York University in the same year. Dr. Le Fevre was clinical lecturer on the practice of medicine at New York University 1888-1890, professor of clinical medicine 1890-1895, adjutant professor of medicine, 1895-1898, associate professor of therapeutics, professor of clinical medicine, and dean of New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College since 1898. He was a fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, and a member of various other medical associations, and was the author of "Physical Diagnosis," published in 1902.

Drama

RECENT GERMAN PLAYS.

The plays published or performed in Germany during the year just ended suggest some reflections on the curiosities of individual development. The "Festspiel in deutschen Reimen," by Gerhart Hauptmann (S. Fischer, Berlin), predestined by the name of the author, as well as by the time, place, and occasion of its production to be the event of the season, became by its suppression at least the greatest sensation. An unusually interesting work it is, for the recent reading of which New York owes gratitude to Rudolf Christians, the director of the German Theatre. For the poet who had the courage of his convictions at a time when a rather archaic note of patriotism was forced upon the literary production of the year and gave rise to plays, novels, and lyrics celebrating the military glory of 1813, must have endeared himself even to those indifferent to his works by the dignified manner in which he avoided joining the choir of singers. The removal of the actors of his drama into the "Welt des Scheins" was a stroke of real genius. To whatever cause his recent dramatic failures are due, if one surveys his work from "Vor Sonnenaufgang" to the "Festspiel," this dramatic poem means a high-water mark in his development.

The same cannot be said of Hermann Sudermann's "Der gute Ruf" (J. C. Cotta, Stuttgart). It is a society play of Berlin W., with the apparently inevitable theme of marital infidelity, wives neglected by husbands absorbed in business, and consoling themselves by illicit attachments, yet zealously guarding appearances. There is a subordinate theme: a man at the head of a great industrial enterprise has been cornered by rivals and forced to take a position in the rivals' establishment. Here is an economic motive which might have given the play a wider meaning; but Sudermann employs it only to complicate the personal relations between the two families whose good name is jeopardized by the love game of the ladies. So in the end the play is nothing but a new variation upon his old and cherished honor motive.

From Frank Wedekind one must always expect the unexpected. After sorely trying the patience even of his admirers by his "Franziska," which he chose to call a "Mysterium," he has come out with a drama in verse, "Sim-

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son" (Georg Müller, Munich), firmly and logically built upon the theme of jealousy. Delilah plays with Samson while the princes of the Philistines are courting her. To make him harmless, she has his hair shorn, and in a fit of jealousy orders him to be blinded. But when he is forced to work the treadmill, she visits him in his sordid exile and, in a streak of perversity which seems inseparable from the heroines of Wedekind, makes the Philistines witness the caresses she bestows upon Samson. When she finally chooses Og to become her royal spouse, the prisoner is summoned to dance before the royal party at dinner. Samson implores God to give him strength for his task, and dances. Og sees the eyes of Delilah fascinated by the spectacle, and cuts her throat. Then Samson throws the weight of his body against the columns supporting the dais; as they break, tearing down the balustrade of the gallery, the whole building seems to collapse, and the curtain descends upon a scene of ruin. Violent as the action appears, there is nothing forced or objectionable about it, the characters are well defined, the Oriental atmosphere admirably suggested, and the whole work is singularly free from the touch of burlesque which the author is wont to give his most serious works.

Max Halbe, who with Georg Hirschfeld has experienced nothing but failures on the stage of late, has paid tribute to the centenary of 1813 by a play, the scene of which is laid in Danzig and its environs, and the plot whereof deals with the fluctuating fortunes and wavering convictions of the people under the sway of the Corsican's magnetic power. "Freiheit" (Albert Langen, Munich) is a play that reads well, palpably conveying the turbulent spirit of the times and reflecting the unsettled condition of the country, political and social. There is plenty of thrilling action, but the main interest centres in the influence brought to bear by the rapidly following events upon the characters of two young men who have been drifting with the current of popular sentiment.

Herbert Eulenberg is untiring in his efforts to court dramatic success. He has had three or four premières within the year, and his latest play, "Zeitwende" (Kurt Wolff, Leipzig), has also had its initial production. The work has many elements of strong dramatic interest, with an array of striking characters and a well constructed plot. There is an old manufacturer who represents the social and business ideals of the past; his two sons, one of them a hopeless invalid, the other a fanciful dreamer; a daughter who is married to a slave of duty likely to be the old man's efficient successor, and an unmarried one who is courted by an unscrupulous adventurer who has been the sweetheart of the older sister and is determined by fair means or foul to get the old man's money. The most fascinating figure in the play is Sebald, the romantic, who goes through it in the way of a fool of mediæval drama or the chorus of antique tragedy, commenting in his erratic way upon the actions of the others. That the girl heroine, who has given her love to the villain, should come to a tragic end, seems a foregone conclusion. Otherwise, there is not a commonplace feature or line in the work, and though some years have passed since the author made his début as dramatist, there is hope that he will in the end produce a drama which will play as well as his work usually reads.

Ludwig Thoma has in his latest work, "Die Sippe" (Albert Langen, Munich), left the Bavarian village *milieu* which is so dear to him and has chosen for his scene a small town in North Germany, and for his theme the irreconcilable conflict between the narrowness of the old patrician stock and the broader conception of life which an artistic career gives. The heroine is an artist whose father has gone to America and has not been heard from for years. She has married the scion of a wealthy old family, and is contented as long as her husband stands by her against his fault-finding, prejudiced family. Then the long lost father suddenly turns up, a man who has knocked about the world without getting any wealthier or wiser, and, imprudent and unpractical as ever, shocks the staid and prosperous relatives by his unconventional frankness.

Otto Soyka's "Geldzauber" (Albert Langen, Munich) is based upon the popular conception of "Americanism" as identical with a commercialism which makes of everything—pleasure, charity, love—a business proposition and a marketable commodity. The play is meant to demonstrate the omnipotence of money. The hero is a young American millionaire, who has founded public libraries, had intended to serve mankind by becoming a physician, but found that the founding of hospitals would be more effective; wanted to devote his life to science, but established a fund which enabled twelve exceptionally gifted and efficient scholars to engage in that work, and is upheld in the growing conviction that he can obtain anything by money by the fact that he finds a young man willing to be his friend for five hundred dollars a month. They have argued the subject of woman's love and come to the conclusion that, though it may not be had for cold cash, it can be bought by gifts and favors. The plot of the play deals with the hero's efforts at storming the heart of a high-spirited young woman, an artist and daughter of an old pianist. Everything else failing, he engages the services of an agency, which procures for the heroine a purchaser for her pictures and arranges for the father a concert, fostering their illusion that they are independent of the American's money. In the end he wins her, because the girl has loved him before she knew that he was a millionaire.

Lily Braun, who has given us her confession of creed in the "Memoiren einer Sozialistin," and a year ago entered upon a new field of literary endeavor with her delightful "Liebesbriefe der Marquise," makes her début as dramatist in "Mutter Maria" (Albert Langen, Munich). The scene of her play is Florence and its environs in 1513. The heroine is a woman who in her girlhood had been loved by Julian the Medicean, and after the fall of the Medici had been married by Giuseppe the carpenter, who gave her and her boy his name and protection. Angelo is vowed by her to the church, and she is worried by the evidences of his talent for art, for during the time of her trouble she had been among those that were profoundly stirred by the words of Savonarola. The return of Julian with his mistress Lucrezia, who was one of Maria's girlhood friends, brings a revival of the pagan spirit. Julian discovers Angelo before the statue of the Medicean Venus, and learns that he is his son. He wishes to acknowledge him as such, and distinguishes him by marks of favor at a feast during which the statue is crowned and made the object of worship. A fanatical priest rushes at it with a hatchet, but Angelo lashes him across the face with a whip. Since he is under the jurisdiction of the convent, church and state clash over him, and when Julian's real character is revealed to him, Angelo secedes from both and stirs the populace by a sermon, for which he is seized and condemned to die at the stake. The mother appears at the critical moments of the story, exhorting, entreating, and consoling her son, whom she pities as a victim to the evil charm of the statue. The play is avowedly inspired by Botticelli's Magnificat, and contains a scene which conveys the very sentiment of Michelangelo's Pietà.

Oskar Kokoschka, the poet-painter of Vienna, is the subject of as much violent controversy as Arnold Schönberg, the composer. He had previously published a work illustrated by himself, "Die träumenden Knaben," but the volume of dramatic scenes, supplemented by reproductions of his paintings, and published under the title, "Dramen und Bilder" (Kurt Wolff, Leipzig), contains recent products of his pen. Barely twenty-eight, Kokoschka has years of material hardships and mental tortures behind him which in a large measure influence his vision and reading of life. There is in his writings, as in his paintings, something of the savage chafing

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against the restraint of civilization, defying conventions, and a primitive simplicity which is touching. Personally quiet and modest, Kokoschka must have deeply resented the honor bestowed upon him by the press, which some months ago made copy of the fact that he had broken his engagement to the widow of Gustav Mahler because she enjoyed an income from her late husband's works. The biographer of Mahler, Dr. Paul Stefan, has written an introduction to the book, which furnishes a sympathetic interpretation of the author's puzzling personality.

A. VON ENDE.

"PANTHEA."

It is difficult not to compare "Panthea," a play in four acts, by Monckton Hoffe, which was produced by the Shuberts on Saturday evening at the Booth Theatre, with certain stronger plays which the combination of its title and theme inevitably suggests. It has in common with "Zaza" and "Camille" a dominating female character, whom consuming love leads to great deeds of self-sacrifice. There, however, the comparison ends. The play has not the compelling intensity of the other two. Lacking this, if it had presented a varied psychological study, or had beautified by sheer imaginative force the world in which its lovers move, it might still have appeared justified. But such analysis and imagination as it possesses are of an obvious order. The talk, to be sure, is of high ideals throughout, and for these the lovers are prepared to fight. Yet there are no sidelights which reveal great souls at work. The characters rise to the height which they reach by the lifting power of the rough situations; one never feels that the situations grow out of the characters. This is a very different work from Mr. Hoffe's slight but pretty play, "The Little Damozel."

Gerald Mordaunt, a young composer, has been living a conventional, shut-in existence with his wife and her people in Northumberland. The break between husband and wife has almost come, when there arrives through a shipwreck on the shore (note the symbolism which seems to declare that the long arm of coincidence is glorified when it is a case of the chance meeting of two perfectly congenial souls) the one being who can bring out Gerald's genius. Panthea, a felon escaped from Russia, requires but one glance at the assembled company to realize Gerald's present state and his supreme need of her. When it is learned that the Russian police are on her track, Gerald not only helps her to escape, but runs off in the night with her. In this scene the author betrays his slight grasp of characterization, which is responsible for that shallowness in the later scenes already referred to. Differences in minor personages are brought out by the elaborate sort of humor which over-patriotic Americans are apt to term "typically English"; and in the case of the central characters too much is left by the author to the individual acting.

In the second act, after a lapse of two blissful years, the two are seen living together in a European capital. Out of his great happiness Gerald has created an opera, successful in every respect save only this, that he cannot get it produced. At the moment despair has brought him to the verge of a breakdown, and he has been ordered by his physician to take a month off in the country. Here is Panthea's chance, and she accepts it with complete self-effacement. In order to obtain a hearing for the piece, she agrees to give herself for that month to the director of the Royal Opera, Baron de Duisitort. The third act pictures a setting not unlike the reception in "Camille," a dinner at the Baron's, at which Gerald is toasted as hero. Panthea, though present, is, of course, in no mood to participate in the jollity. It is evident that a revelation of her deed is approaching. Gerald, hearing all, smashes dishes, renounces his love, and leaves. Panthea continues the breaking, and kills, or apparently kills, the Baron, though later the old device of apoplexy is lugged in to save her from murder. In the final act Panthea extracts forgiveness from her lover by a rather bald statement of the motive of her offence. Here enter the Russian police to drag the lady off to Siberia, whereupon Gerald insists upon marrying her, that he may thus gain the privilege of accompanying her.

A story of violence assuredly is this, though its kernel possesses supreme possibilities. As the play stands, even great actors could not quite have redeemed it, and the acting on the opening night was not great. Olga Petrova, who hitherto had been seen in vaudeville, showed moments of real power as Panthea, especially in the scene of bartering with the Baron, and in the busy third act she was clever, if not profound. But in the main her work seemed imitative of at least two other actresses. She might better be content to develop her own striking personality. George Nash, as the old, profligate Baron, gave a competent performance, and Milton Sills was effective as Gerald, though his voice lacked that varied modulation by which great scenes can often be rendered without explosiveness and violent gesture.

F.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN."

"Lady Windermere's Fan," which Miss Margaret Anglin revived in the Hudson Theatre on Monday evening, is perhaps the best of Oscar Wilde's comedies. In spite of the improbability and artificiality of its plot—with its long array of coincidence and convenient suppressions—it tells a good story and offers a series of situations which are exceedingly ingenious, if not particularly convincing, and of indisputable theatrical value. The dialogue, of course, although savoring very strongly of the lamp, is almost constantly amusing, being closely packed with epigram and paradox, in which much cheap and easy humor is illumined by frequent flashes of genuine wit.

The outstanding feature of the representation was the Mrs. Erlynne of Miss Anglin, who won a triumph in the third act, where the adventuress, by the sacrifice of herself, enables her imperilled daughter to escape from the rooms of the seductive Lord Darlington. Her performance in this critical scene—as, indeed, throughout the play—was notable for its complete comprehension of the assumed character, its artistic restraint, and its admirable finish. Miss Anglin, upon proper occasion, can be an emotional actress of great eloquence. But here, rightly mindful of the character of Mrs. Erlynne—a woman tried in the furnace of experience—she kept her emotions under strict control—suggesting by many subtle signs the inner anguish caused by the cruel taunts of her daughter—all ignorant of the relationship—but preserving an undaunted front, and prevailing in the end by force of dominant will. She was especially impressive in the passionate appeal which she made to the maternal instinct of the impulsive young wife, filling it with a fine sincerity. Her whole impersonation was a notable artistic achievement and fully justified a revival which in other respects was not brilliant.

Miss Margery Maude played Lady Windermere with intelligence and refinement and Pedro de Cordoba was an excellent Windermere, playing with distinction and spirit. Mrs. Le Moyne was curiously inefficient as the Duchess, and Arthur Byron was an exceedingly prosaic Darlington. It was distinction of diction and manner that the representation chiefly lacked.

J. R. T.

"CHANGE."

The Drama League of America could not have illustrated better its possibilities of usefulness than by lending its support to another New York production of "Change" at the Park Theatre at popular prices. "Change" is the drama by J. O. Francis which gained Lord Howard de Walden's prize offered for a Welsh play. It was produced some weeks ago with an admirable cast at the Booth Theatre, and by its premature decease at the end of two weeks illustrated the fact that the first-night critic still retains his power, if not to make, then to mar a production. For some reason a certain number of the critics decided that "Change" was not calculated to please the Broadway taste, and proceeded to cover it with ridicule. Had the play been able to survive the unfavorable impression created by some of the criticisms published in the daily press on the day succeeding its première it would very possibly have had a successful run, but by the time the more serious and responsible critics had published their appreciations of the strength and sincerity of the play the damage had been done.

The theme of the piece, the antagonism between the ideals of two generations, as reflected in the attitude of a family in a Welsh mining village towards the principles of syndicalism, is developed with great power and rare dramatic skill. Galsworthy has never done better work. The production and the acting, which were the points particularly seized upon for adverse comment, are in point of fact far superior to what is usually seen on Broadway. The cast lacks a high-salaried "star" and the play a star part, and possibly

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for this very reason the general level of the acting reaches a high standard.

S. W.

SHAW'S "PYGMALION" IN GERMAN.

On Tuesday, March 23, the German Theatre of New York presented for the first time in America Shaw's "Pygmalion," and now has made it a regular part of the repertory. This play had its first performance last October at the Burgtheater in Vienna. The translation used is that of Siegfried Trebitsch, a well-known Viennese journalist, who has translated several other plays by Shaw.

"Pygmalion" describes the experiment which an ambitious professor of phonetics performs with a loud-mouthed flower-girl whom he happens to encounter one stormy night in front of a theatre. A chance remark to an acquaintance upon Liza's coarse speech, which his art could surely transform into language worthy of a duchess, had he only the opportunity to teach her, is overheard by the girl. She comes to him the next day, begs him to accept her as a pupil, and offers to pay him with the money he himself has thrown to her. The enthusiast is aroused; Professor Higgins pledges himself to make a lady of her, and thereupon enters into a wager with his friend and fellow worker, Major Pickering, that he will be able to introduce Eliza at an Ambassador's reception as a countess within six months. He takes the girl into his house, making her half slavey, half doll. Unconsciously he allows himself to become entirely absorbed in this new live plaything. Eliza's first venture into middle-class society is unsuccessful; the native color of her Dover dialect peeps out beneath the thin veneer of small talk which she has been taught to repeat. But the final test is a triumph for the master. However, what shall become of her now? Eliza's social conscience has been aroused, she does not wish to fall back into the lower world, nor is there any place for her in the new surroundings for which she has been artificially prepared. In terms no less strong, though perhaps a bit less colorful, than those which she employed before her metamorphosis, she expresses her indignation to her indifferent teacher. The confirmed bachelor must acknowledge that her society has become a habit which he would not miss, and the final scene implies a solution not unlike that of the Greek story which gives the comedy its name. There is little room for the exposition of social doctrines in this plot. But two scenes with Eliza's father, "the unworthy poor," supply this opportunity. The audience seemed to enjoy the humor of situation and of dialogue in Teutonic dress.

B.

NOTES.

In response to the suggestion of a newspaper correspondent that busy men would find from 5:30 P. M. to 8 a more convenient time for theatrical performances than the usual hours, the experiment is to be tried by Gaston Mayer at the Queen's Theatre, London, with "The Melting Pot." Mr. Mayer, however, confesses himself at a loss to know what title to give to such a performance, as he cannot call it either a matinée or a soirée. Among the suggestions offered him are "five-o'clock," "cheminée" (as indicating the fireside hour), and "apéritif."

M. Charles Truffier, the distinguished comedian, has retired from the Théâtre Français. A Paris letter in a London journal says of him: "I thought him better than Coquelin in non-sensational plays. There never was a better Mascarille, Scaramouche, or Arlequin. Yet 'low' comedy, as he appeared in these characters, never touched them. He played the eighteenth-century valet to perfection, and his personation of Figaro has entered into the Français tradition. Maître Patelin was also one of his best impersonations. He was not fond of Augier's comical bourgeois, yet he did marvellously well as Giboyer, a stupidly self-satisfied and upstart bourgeois. Of all the actors of his time Truffiier did best in De Musset's plays as a light comedian. As Mercadet, a half-dunce when gauged by high thoughts and standards, and a whole knave, he had no match. With all his culture and refinement he was fondest of Scarron—a cousin in mind of the author of 'Hudibras'—of Molière, and of Diderot."

A memorial to Richard Burbage, James Burbage, and other players of the Elizabethan period, who were buried in Shoreditch Church, was recently unveiled in London by Sir George Alexander. The memorial consists of a mural tablet within St. Leonard's Church, and a seat in the church garden, which is now used as a public open space. The tablet, which was designed by W. H. Ansell, bears the following inscription:

This stone is placed here to the Glory of God and in acknowledgment of the work done for English Drama by the players, musicians, and other men of the theatre who are buried within the precincts of this Church, and in particular to the memory of those who are named below.

James Burbage (d. 1597), a joiner by trade and the head of Lord Leicester's players, who, in 1576, built in Shoreditch the first English playhouse. Cuthbert Burbage (d. 1636), his son, who, in 1599, built in Southwark the famous Globe playhouse. Richard Burbage (d. 1619), also his son, the great tragedian, and the first actor to play the parts of Richard III and Hamlet. William Somers (d. 1560), Court Jester to Henry VIII. Richard Tarlton (d. 1588), one of Queen Elizabeth's players, and the foremost comic actor of his time. Gabriel Spencer (d. 1598), a player at the Rose Theatre. William Sly (d. 1608), and Richard Cowley (d. 1619), players at the Globe Theatre. Erected by subscription in 1914. Stewart D. Headlam, Chairman of Committee, London Shakespeare League.

Benjamin Franklin Keith, founder and owner of the string of vaudeville theatres under his name, who died on March 26, at the age of sixty-seven, was born at Hillsboro, N. H. His first enterprise was a miniature dime museum in Boston in 1882, with a single attraction, a midget. In 1885 he became part owner of the Gaiety Theatre, Boston, and there initiated the characteristically American idea of the "continuous performance." He gradually acquired more theatres, the Gaiety Museum in Providence, the Bijou Theatre in Philadelphia, the Union Square Theatre in New York, until in 1906 he formed the Keith & Proctor Amusement Company, controlling a number of theatres throughout the country.

Music

WOLF-FERRARI'S NEW OPERA.

Operatic managers are usually most generous in their promises of novelties, but it is not often that these are entirely fulfilled. This year the manager of the Metropolitan has redeemed all his pledges. Five operas were promised; five have been produced. The cosmopolitanism of that great institution is indicated by the fact that of these op ras two were sung in Italian, one in German, one in English, one in French. The first of the novelties, Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," has proved more of a success than its reception by the public and the press at the outset promised; yet the number of performances it has received falls short by about fifty of the number called for in Berlin the first season of its existence. Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre Re" also has made a considerable appeal to the opera goers, thanks largely, if not chiefly, to the revelation it made of Lucrezia Bori's winsome art as an actress as well as a singer. Victor Herbert's "Madeleine," though also well received, can hardly be placed on a level with his "Natoma," because in it he subordinated his rare gift of creating melodies to the *parlando* or conversational style which has come into vogue since Verdi's "Falstaff." The least successful of the new productions was Charpentier's "Julien," which even the combined art and popularity of Geraldine Farrar and Caruso could not save.

The last of the new operas to discuss is "L'Amore Medico." Its composer, Wolf-Ferrari, is the most conspicuous victim of the "Falstaff" delusion. When Verdi wrote that opera he was nearly eighty—too old to create new melodies. To atone for that senile shortcoming, he lavished on his opera an amazing skill in part-writing, in adapting the music to the words, in weaving an orchestral score with rare contrapuntal ingenuity. These things naturally interested trained musicians, but the public lusted for the melodic fleshpots of the Egyptian "Aïda," and after tasting "Falstaff" would have no more of it.

While the style of Wolf-Ferrari's first two operas, "La Sulamita" and "Cenerentola," is not known here, they were followed by two operas, "Le Donne Curiose" and "Il Segreto di Susanna," which pursue the "Falstaff" method of hiding poverty of melodic invention beneath a veil of technical ingenuity and refinement. For this ingenuity and subtlety of craftsmanship he received from the critics a great deal of praise, but the public, because of the dearth of melodies, kept aloof. Now, a composer cannot live on critical praise, so Wolf-Ferrari wrote his next work, "The Jewels of the Madonna," in the style of the neo-

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Italian blood-and-thunder operas, the result being that, while the critics abused him, the public became interested, because, with all its vulgarity, the "Jewels" is, at any rate, not anæmic; there are real melodies in it. Immediately there was a demand for another opera from his pen, the result being "L'Amore Medico."

Everybody who knew the story of his career wondered whether the new work would be in the style of "I Gioielli della Madonna" or in that of "Le Donne Curiose." The choice of a libretto indicated that it would be the latter, for "L'Amore Medico" is based on Molière's "L'Amour Médecin," a comedietta in which the French playwright satirized the medical men of his time. Five of them (in the operatic version four) are called in to cure Lucinda, the daughter of Arnolfo, the owner of a villa near Paris. He has selfishly made up his mind to keep her always, and has shut his doors to suitors; yet she is pale and melancholy, the victim of love-sickness. Her maid, Lisetta, brings on a crisis by crying that Lucinda is dying, whereupon the four doctors are sent for. While they are quarrelling as to the diagnosis of the girl's malady, Lisetta brings in Lucinda's lover, Clitandro, disguised as a doctor. After talking with the girl he informs the father that her illness is purely mental, a foolish notion that she must get married. To cure this malady—which may become fatal if not attended to—he advises a sham marriage by a sham notary, he himself posing as the bridegroom. Arnolfo is pleased with the plan; the ceremony is performed, but by a real notary, and the selfish father discovers too late that he has been duped.

A play like this, to be effective, must be acted with lightning speed. Music inevitably retards the action, and unless it has great charm of its own it can only harm a play. Wolf-Ferrari's music has considerable charm, but not enough to counteract the disadvantage of unduly expanding a joke. In "Le Donne Curiose" a similar trifle is tiresomely spread out over three hours. "L'Amore Medico" is shorter by an hour, but still one feels the retarding action of the music unpleasantly; all the more so because Wolf-Ferrari really lacks the gift of musical humor. Most disappointing in this respect is the altercation of the four doctors, which might have been made most amusing. In the opera it is tame and tiresome—a great opportunity wasted.

On listening to the overture one gets the impression that the "Meistersinger," to which there are some distinct allusions, would play an important part in the opera; but this is not the case. Having paid his respects to Wagner, Wolf-Ferrari calls up memories of Rossini, Mozart, Charpentier, and others. His own contributions are not important from the point of view of invention. His workmanship is even more ingenious than in his other operas, and the orchestration is rich and varied; but these things do not suffice to make an opera successful. The reception of "L'Amore Medico" was not enthusiastic.

HENRY T. FINCK.

The new season of grand opera at Covent Garden will extend from April 20 to July 27. The programme will contain only two items hitherto unknown in London—Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre Re" and Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini."

Art

THE NEW AGITATION FOR A MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

LONDON, March 20.

From time to time an outcry is heard in England—mainly in London—that art is in a sad way, and that nothing can relieve it save the immediate appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts. Perhaps it is because of the present tendency in English politics to create for every new evil a new department, until the multiplication of officials is looked upon as the universal panacea, that the periodical demand for the new Minister is now louder and more persistent than it has ever been before, and that the artists who are making it have got so far as to appoint a committee, call meetings, draw up a scheme, and go through the inevitable British formula of agitation. Altogether, there has been a good deal of talk, if less thought, though the subject is one that, if raised at all, calls for careful thinking in England, and in America, too, for that matter, since America has begun to turn its fancy in the same direction.

As usual, when the question is discussed, France is pointed to as an example and a precedent. It does not seem to occur to anybody to ask if a measure that may serve the French is as well adapted to English needs. The French have had their Ministry of Fine Arts, or its equivalent, for a period to be reckoned in centuries. It has become an established and essential institution of the country like the Académie or the Théâtre Français. One feels it would be as shocking a piece of vandalism to do away with it as to pull down the Louvre or Notre Dame. That it has proved an unmixed blessing is open to doubt. Those who know the cathedrals and churches and castles of France, and have seen in them the traces of the passing of Viollet-le-Duc and Abadie, may well wonder if the gain has compensated for the loss, since they were turned into historical monuments under the charge of the Government. To go the rounds of the year's several salons is to wish the Government a trifle less liberal in its provision of galleries for current exhibitions. Nor is the Luxembourg collection a convincing proof of the Government's wisdom in its purchase of the works of living artists. The Ministry of Fine Arts has done and still does much good, but it is not infallible, and as a rule it is for its least admirable features that it is most admired by the Englishman who would have his country imitate it.

This is evident in the English scheme now proposed, and in the discussions, both public and private, that have followed in its support. For the constitution of the Ministry it is proposed that there should be a Minister, with a permanent secretary and a standing advisory council of about eighteen, its members to serve in rotation and to be chosen from "recognized authorities" in architecture, painting, sculpture, industrial art, and museums, while, curiously, one literary man, antiquary, dramatist, and musician are also to be included. For duties, the Ministry would have the care of all æsthetic matters of public interest, of the national museums and galleries, of town-designing and public monuments and "amenities," and of the acquisition and preservation of national art treasures. It is an admirable scheme on paper, but it is not difficult to foresee what it would be in practice. Indeed, it might seem as if the members of the preparatory committee had been selected with a view to making this quite clear, for they are mostly the Academicians and representatives of the other most conservative bodies in the country who already have a finger in every artistic pie, and who recognize none but official art. London, in its street sculptures, in the decoration of many of its public buildings, in its approved architectural plans, already groans under their tyranny. The British section of almost every international exhibition is in their hands. The Chantrey collection at the Tate Gallery sets their standard of modern art.

There is no special reason to believe that Academicians would advise a Minister of Fine Arts to better purpose than their president, or that they would be more disinterested in conducting the affairs of a State Department than those of their own Academy. It is amusing to see how large a part the future Minister's purchase of modern works of art plays in the public discussion and private gossip on the subject. At an official function the other evening applause was lavished upon the French Government for buying and exhibiting the works of young artists, who were thus enabled to obtain commissions, a form of encouragement, it was decided, much needed in England—though I have an idea that the French Minister of Fine

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Arts would be more astonished than anybody to hear that his high office was used as an advertising and employment agency for the unemployed artist. Privately, I have been assured more than once of the advantage to the beginner could his work be bought by the state, for no matter how small a price, that the wolf might be kept from his door while he struggled to produce his masterpiece—though, if this sort of argument were carried out logically, the state might as reasonably be expected to print the unsalable MSS. of the literary novice, or give a concert for the unrecognized musical prodigy. But logic is not the strong point of many supporters of a scheme in which they see little beyond the prospect of public grants for modern art and the chance of their coming in for a share of the spoils.

In this vision of a Time of Plenty to be inaugurated by a brand-new Government department, two important, if simple, facts are forgotten. One is that all the officials in the world cannot create art; the other, that art patronage is more munificent in countries like England and America, where there is no Minister of Fine Arts, than in France, where there is. The French artist, who is offered by his Government the lowest price possible for his work, would gasp with astonishment at the sums often received by the English or American artist from national or municipal or other public authorities. I do not have to be told that the price paid for it has nothing to do with art, but it is made so much of in the present discussion that I should like to point out just what it amounts to in France, which is accepted as a model in these matters. There, the honor of being represented in the national or municipal collection is supposed to be the highest rate of payment the artist could desire; and the artist himself is of the same opinion. In England, where there is no Minister to confer the honor, the artist can still estimate his work by pounds, shillings, and pence, and for a place in the Tate Gallery, sometimes called the English Luxembourg, he has been paid prices by the Chantrey bequest that at times have become a public scandal. Nor has he to complain when his work is purchased for the large municipal collections. The galleries of towns like Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and Bradford, show that he has not languished for want of art patronage while waiting for the art patron of his ambition. As for the United States, there is no country in Europe where the artist rejoices in such important public commissions, where he is so liberally patronized by national and State and municipal authorities.

In other ways art in England is cared for, even if as yet there is no appointed Minister to give the initiative. Machinery in the Board of Works can be set going when it is a question of that preservation of ancient buildings which is one of the special duties of the Minister of Fine Arts in France. If the machinery sometimes bungles, who can say that the Minister so much vaunted does not make mistakes? America has not the same machinery, but manages nevertheless to extend a protecting hand to its historical sites and monuments. When, in England, it is a question of international exhibitions, the Board of Trade is no less well equipped, providing in its Exhibitions Branch the necessary office and the necessary officials, who, if slow and narrow, probably are no slower and narrower than they would be if the department to which they consecrate their services was called by another name. Criticise the Board of Trade as you may, here really is a branch of its work that might advantageously be copied, but on broader lines, at Washington, where neither our American Federation of Arts nor our National Commission of Fine Arts has, as well as I can make out, got so far as to insist that American art shall be worthily represented abroad, and to invent the methods by which this can be accomplished: the explanation, no doubt, of the cheerfulness of American artists in resigning their representations, when nothing better offers, to the care of the American millionaire. It is not to be wondered that American art is scarcely known in England or on the Continent.

If there is to be a Department of Fine Arts in England, or America, it would be unwise to drift into it blindfold. Its advocates naturally dwell upon the good it could achieve, and to this good I admit there would be no limit were it certain that a Minister with the intelligence of the great patrons of art—of Charles I in England, Philip IV in Spain, the Medici in Florence—could always be found for the office. If it were certain, then art could be left without fear to his splendid tyranny. But the true patron of art has ever been in the minority, which is why the evil that may come from a Minister of mediocre intelligence and taste should likewise be considered. Art suffers from officialism in France, where a Ministry of Fine Arts is in sympathy with the genius of a people who respect order above all the virtues. It can easily be imagined what might happen in England or America, where such a Ministry would be, at the best, a borrowed institution. To every question there are two sides, and the possible evil should be faced as well as the possible good, or, with the establishment of the new department, art might be more hidebound by convention and fixed by tradition than ever.

A few days ago, London was shocked by the news of the outrage at the National Gallery—the attack upon the Rokeby Venus by a suffragette. Before the Government begins to consider the question of a Ministry of Fine Arts, it might devote some of its attention to the proper protection of the art treasures it already possesses, or eventually there may be little for the new Minister to care for. The possibility of such an outrage makes it a reason for gratitude that so many of England's paintings and other works of art are passing to America. Had it occurred abroad, all England would have been virtuously incensed at the incompetence of the foreign official. But, since it happened in the heart of London, under the very eyes of the British Government and the British police, it is only an unfortunate accident. How inadequate the law is to meet such a crime is explained by the magistrate's regret, in passing sentence, that six months was the maximum he could give for damaging works of art, though for smashing a window he might have made it eighteen—a curious comment upon the country's appreciation of art. N. N.

Finance

LONDON'S MARKETS AND THE "ARMY CRISIS."

Nothing about the extraordinary complications between the British Ministry and the British army has been more remarkable than the absence of any visible sign of apprehension on the markets. The plain facts of the situation seemed to be that the officers of the army regiments in Ireland had refused to obey orders to move their troops into Ulster, unless they were assured as to what they would be required to do there. The ultimatum, it is true, was framed in the alternative of resignation of such officers from the army; but the number of those who took this action amounted to serving notice that the army was laying down conditions before obeying orders, and was doing so, in advance of having been ordered to do anything at all, except to guard the Government's military stores.

In any other country than England, this would have meant such insubordination as would have undermined the power of the state. Occurring in France or Germany, the incident would almost certainly have caused a convulsion in the financial markets. At London last week's successive announcements in the army imbroglio were greeted by a rise of half a point in consols, Monday (after a day of terrifying rumors, Sunday), by a further advance of ⅝ on Tuesday, with reaction of less than ¼ point in the next three days, and sharp recovery at

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this week's opening. Meantime, the general London market, on the whole, held firm, and on some days was distinctly strong.

There have been several explanations of this somewhat singular reception of the news. One, which is obvious enough, is that last week's markets had been led to expect an actual outbreak of civil war in Ulster, and showed their relief when that did not take place. But last month's London markets were only mildly unsettled, and that unsettlement was chiefly ascribed to other matters than Ulster. Since the London market, despite its reaction from the high February prices, still retains a great part of the vigorous forward movement of January and February, the more obvious explanation of last week's recovery would seem to be that Lombard Street thinks that both the civil commotion in Ulster, which it feared, and the coercive Home Rule legislation, which it detested, have been averted or blockaded by the action of the army.

Whether this is a short-sighted view or not, it remains for events to show. Outside observers have certainly drawn the inference that no situation could be much more obscure and dangerous than that which has suddenly arisen; the point being made that, even if the whole question is now thrown before the people in a general election, the campaign issues will not only be Home Rule, but the subverting of army discipline and the question, always effective on the hustings, of privilege versus democracy. Furthermore, it would seem that nothing could alter the fact of military insubordination.

Why, then, should the London Stock Exchange have retained such unmistakable composure? Perhaps the most satisfactory answer is that such an occurrence in the army causes less apprehension in England than it would cause in any other country. The loyalty of the army to the civil power is not questioned at all, in its general functions. Not only so; but England has heretofore been confronted with a much more alarming crisis of the sort, which it surmounted with unexpected success. This happened more than a century ago, but it still remains as an instructive object-lesson. The circumstances then were of the most formidable sort; they apparently threatened the safety of the country; yet even that episode ended in character with English traditions.

It was in 1797, when, with Napoleon victorious over England's ally, Austria, with a French fleet threatening Ireland, and with the English Channel fleet blockading Holland, the sailors mutinied. At Spithead they seized the ships; at Sheerness they captured and imprisoned their officers, and the mutiny actually spread to English vessels in such remote quarters of the world as Porto Rico and Cape Colony. At one time, the admiral who was conducting operations against Holland had only two ships obeying orders, and was able to deceive the enemy only by pretending to signal from those ships to the mutinous members of the fleet. London's financial markets took a very different view of the situation from what they took last week; at the crisis of the mutiny consols fell to 47½, as against 70¾ the year before, and for a time the Bank of England suspended specie payments.

Yet the sequel was as remarkable and unusual as the episode itself. The spirit of mutiny was quickly exhausted. Sailors of one squadron, who had mutinied against hard treatment, sent bitter denunciations to sailors of another squadron, who had been tampered with by revolutionists. There had been real abuses; the Government promised to remove them. It went so far as to promise pardon to all except the ringleaders in the mutiny. It offered increased pay, recaptured the ships, and brought them into action. Under the admiral who had sent the signals from his fleet of two ships, the united fleet attacked the Dutch flotilla and annihilated it. Only a few years later, the same English navy, fighting under Nelson, won the great victory of Trafalgar.

The case of the fleet in 1797 and of the army in 1914 presents few points of actual analogy; the only clear resemblance lies in the fact that the civil power lost control. There is one curious parallel, however, in the fact that on each occasion the episode occurred at a time when established ideas of things in general were being subverted by new and unusual propaganda. The theories of the French Revolution pervaded the whole political, social, and military world in 1797. What sort of theories are pervading the world today and upsetting old conceptions of precedent, authority, and conduct, is manifest to everybody.

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